

E \$1.00
es Burnham on:
ERROR-
r Turn Soon? —see page 700

JUNE 9, 1978

NATIONAL REVIEW

**THE
SOUTHERN
STRATEGY
SINCE
CARTER**
HASTINGS WYMAN JR.

**Malcolm Muggeridge:
IF I WERE POPE...**

Also In This Issue:

Chilton Williamson Jr. discusses the Dilemma of the New Right ♦ Malachi B. Martin on Truth and Billy Graham ♦ Reviews of New Books by Conservatives William Simon, George F. Will, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

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INVESTMENT QUALITY DIAMONDS VS. GOLD AND THE DOW JONES.

By John Campbell, Freelance writer.

I happen to believe that the best buy in "blue chips" this year is not on Wall St. It's in diamonds.

The price of high quality — cut and polished—diamonds has risen over 700% in the last ten years! (And if you'd like to see just how well diamonds have fared over the last 150 years, be sure to study the chart below).

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This is because the stability of diamond prices is maintained by the world's largest private monopoly, the Diamond Syndicate. (Incidentally, even the Russians market their diamond exports through this syndicate). The policy of this Cartel has always been to maintain the price of diamonds well above the current inflation rate of the U.S. dollar; a policy that has worked effectively for over 35 years without one single significant decrease in world diamond values.

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Because banks and other lending institutions respect the stability of diamond values, they have continuously granted low interest loans often equal to the full replacement value of your diamonds. Also, you will find that more and more shrewd financial planners are including diamonds in the recommendations they make to their clients as part of a balanced portfolio designed to protect against the damaging effects of inflation. In a carefully balanced investment plan—which until very recently would have included only high grade bonds, federal government obligations and gold or silver—diamonds have now come into their own in a big way.

Americans are finding out what Europeans have known for years that diamonds are always a good investment that gets even better as the economic climate becomes more and more uncertain.

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All around the world, diamonds are actually traded as hard currency.

Diamonds are in fact the world's most compact form of wealth: The one commodity that's not only more stable than currency, it's even more portable. In World War Two, for example, many refugees from Hitler's Europe were able to escape to Switzerland and other safe havens and remain well-off or even rich only because they could carry a fortune with them in the form of a handful of diamonds. The hardest and most brilliant substance ever created by nature, a diamond is also a beautiful bartering tool that has never been, and never will be, devalued by government decree. It has proven itself for centuries to be far more reliable in good times and bad than any other commodity in history; and certainly far superior to anything merely written on paper in the form of money or stock and bond certificates.

Diamonds are an endangered species.

Diamonds are among the world's great natural resources that are being depleted at an alarming rate. Like natural gas and oil, when the earth runs out of

diamonds there will be no more.

Africa is the prime source of diamonds for the entire free world; and political instability in Africa has the potential to escalate diamond prices in the same way that oil prices have responded to the tensions in the Middle East.

How, and where, to buy your diamonds for investment.

First of all, never go to a jewelry store to buy diamonds if you're buying for investment. The reason is that jewelers are in the business of selling jewelry, or adornment, rather than investment. And by the time the actual diamonds have traveled from the cutter to the jeweler's, a whole army of middlemen (importers, jobbers, wholesalers, jewelry manufacturers, etc.) have horned in and each added his substantial markup to the goods. The second rule is equally simple. Never buy mounted diamonds for investment. For two reasons. First, why pay a premium for a fancy setting that won't greatly appreciate in value? And even more important, it's much easier to judge the true quality of a diamond if it is not mounted. Since the mounting often conceals a multitude of flaws and imperfections.

Therefore, buy only loose diamonds. And make sure they conform to the highest quality standards of the G.I.A. Gemological Institute Of America; an impartial non-profit organization that is the only fully respected arbiter of diamond quality in this country. (And beware of all quality rating standards that come from organizations outside the United States).

Most important of all: To insure the highest possible quality for the lowest possible price, you should buy at even below discount prices. Direct from the cutter!

Until now, however, this would have been virtually impossible for the ordinary investor. That army of middlemen between the diamond cutter and you the buyer is almost as tight a monopoly as the diamond mining syndicate itself. No one individual investor could possibly break through the monopoly of middlemen. But at last I'm happy to be able to report to you, the single investor, that there is a way you can actually buy direct from some of the world's most respected diamond cutters; over 20,000 other individual diamond buyers have already done it. They've become members of a unique organization called The Diamond Collectors Guild Of America. It's headquartered in New York City (the diamond cutting capitol of the U.S.).

Last Year A Group Of New York's Finest Diamond Cutters Signed A Contract With The Diamond Collectors Guild Of America.

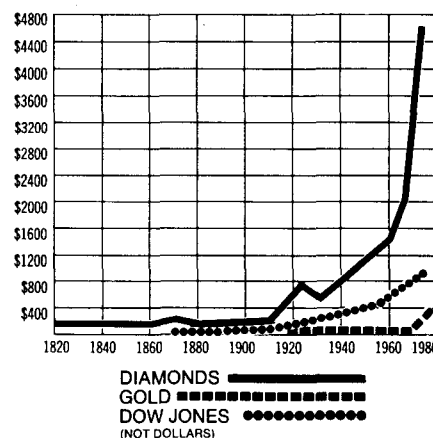
This is truly great news for anyone interested in investing in diamonds. Because it means that now, for the first time in history, you the individual diamond investor have an opportunity to invest in the finest grades of cut-and-polished diamonds direct from the cutter at a below-discount price—in fact

from 25% to 50% less than is generally available to private investors. And the Guild stands behind that promise with a full money-back guarantee in writing. Furthermore, every one of these diamonds comes with a certificate of authenticity signed by one of America's top registered Gemologists, attesting to the specific qualities of the stone (exact carat weight, color, cut, clarity, etc.) and rating it according to the highest standards of the G.I.A. (Gemological Institute Of America).

The Guild also supplies you with a laser gemprint (a foolproof method of "fingerprinting" each diamond) to help you safeguard your investment.

If you should need it, the Guild even maintains a two-way market assistance program to help you liquidate the investment-quality diamonds you purchase from them, if and when you decide to sell. Every diamond they offer is of fine white quality or better. And they offer just about every carat size from 1/5 carat to 4 carats (and even larger). None fall into the imperfect range on the G.I.A. scale. And they can offer you various steps of investment-quality stones right up to the finest G.I.A. grades of flawless available anywhere in the world.

150 YEARS OF MEDIAN RETAIL PRICES FOR FINE QUALITY ONE CARAT DIAMONDS COMPARED WITH AVAILABLE GOLD PRICES AND THE DOW-JONES INDEX



For those who are serious about diamond investing, the Guild has prepared a magnificent easy to read four color portfolio which explains the subject of diamond investment (including the Guild's unique expertise) in brilliant detail. For your free copy of their portfolio, write: J. F. Fitzgerald, President, Diamond Collectors Guild Of America, 521 Fifth Ave., Dept. NR2 N.Y., N.Y. 10017. And be sure to include your name, address, zip code, telephone number (and when you can best be reached). Or call toll free: (800) 221-4702. You'll find the Guild people extremely knowledgeable and polite, and they are trained to never make you feel obligated in any way.



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HOW TO TELL WHEN YOUR CAR NEEDS A TUNE-UP

AND HOW TO BE SURE YOU DON'T PAY FOR MORE SERVICE THAN YOU NEED.

Remember the old Spring and Fall tune-ups? There was a time when GM cars needed tune-ups every year. But that was a long time ago. Since 1973, we've been building cars that don't need anywhere near as much routine maintenance as they used to.

Now, a lot of people are getting tune-ups they don't really need. Probably out of habit.

Break the habit, and you'll save yourself some money. The maintenance schedule and the owner's manual your GM dealer gives you with your new GM car will tell you exactly what scheduled maintenance is required and when. Some of the newer schedules may surprise you.

For example, spark plugs used to have to be changed every 12,000 miles. Now it's every 22,500 or 30,000, depending on which new GM car you bought. For most drivers that means changing plugs every two years instead of every year.

When you bought your first car, you probably changed oil every 1,000 miles. We upped it to 6,000 a few years ago; and now it's 7,500 on all new GM cars except diesels.

Or take distributor points and condensers. They never need replacing with GM's new high energy ignition system. It doesn't have any points or condensers.

If you do have trouble with your car, just fix what needs fixing. When you take your car in for service, tell the mechanic exactly what's happening. If it's hard to start "hot," but starts okay when it's "cold," say so. If it doesn't perform the way you expected, describe just how and where it doesn't live up to your expectations. Then it'll be easier for the mechanic to pinpoint what's wrong, and he won't have to make unnecessary repairs. That can save you time and money.

Some things have to be watched more carefully, depending on how and where you drive your car. For example, if you do a lot of driving on dry, dusty roads, you may need to change the air cleaner and oil filter more often than the maintenance schedule indicates. Remember, the maintenance schedule that comes with your car is based on average driving conditions.

If you have an older car that still needs an annual tune-up, what should it include? There are some basic things to be checked: spark plugs, points, condensers, idling speed, and drive belts.

It can't hurt to check the air cleaner and fuel filter, tire pressure, and brake fluid, either. And when you do take your car in for a tune-up, don't be shy. Find out exactly what you need and what you're getting for your money.

We're trying to make GM cars easier and more economical to service. We've been able to stretch out the maintenance intervals for new GM cars, which should reduce the cost of routine maintenance; and we're working on engineering improvements that should reduce the amount of required maintenance even further. We want to be sure our cars perform well for their entire lifetime, without costing you a lot of time and money in maintenance. That's better for you and better for us.

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Questions

"Hunting Down the FBI" [by Kevin Lynch & Richard Brookhiser, May 26] was a splendid accounting of the wrongs being committed against men who had every reason to believe they were working not only for their country's good, but within its rules. I was especially struck by the datum that the IRS grants tax-exempt status to the witchhunting National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee but not to the Citizens' Legal Defense Fund for the FBI.

However, the last two paragraphs of the article disturbingly raised a question the answer to which I don't find as clear-cut as the authors seem to. That question is: How much intelligence, how much surveillance, can a free society stand to have? The libertarian extremist says, None. All traditional conservatives would, I think, disagree with him; and we would also admit that in a total-war situation (which can most definitely include urban guerrilla warfare), certain liberties have to be curtailed. But in my view, conservatives cannot stop asking themselves—even beleaguered as we are—questions like, At what point do you allow how much interference with individuals? For that matter (and I think James Burnham has raised this point), Is our intelligence-gathering as carefully planned as it might be? I'm not saying that we necessarily have *too much* intelligence; but do we always go after the right kind?

Springfield, Mass.

OLGA BOLOTOV

Burnham, Carter, and the N-Bomb

In front of me is the front-page lead item of the *New York Times*, April 4. The headline: "Aides Report Carter Bans Neutron Bomb." James Burnham, in his May 12 column, "The President and the Bomb," excoriates the *Times* for leaking this information on April 7, "the same day Carter announced his actual decision to postpone production," and defends the President against "an irresponsible pot-pourri of Washington gossip." I bring up this chronological credibility gap not to defend the *Times* or to attack the President, but to point out that Mr. Burnham gets off to a rather poor start in building up his case.

Says Mr. Burnham: "The neutron bomb is no Excalibur." I agree. "It is one more among the scores of new-model [nuclear] weapons" turned out, he adds. I sharply disagree. It is not just "one more" weapon; it is virtually the *only* new tactical nuclear warhead technology to have been scheduled by the President for production since

World War II. What are these "scores of new weapons that U.S. 'nuclear scientists and technicians turn out in the manner of their Detroit cousins'? How about just *one* example of a genuinely new model warhead besides the neutron war head?

Playing nuclear *argumentum ad hominem*, Mr. Burnham holds up the opinion of former Pentagon nuclear official Herbert Scoville to fault the N-Bomb. However, there are a large number of nuclear weapon scientists and military analysts who believe otherwise. Furthermore, they were able to convince the past three Secretaries of Defense on the utility of the neutron warhead and to move the current President (of all people) to proclaim last summer: "It is my present view that the enhanced radiation weapon . . . is in this nation's security interest." Banking on but one individual's determination, Burnham throws doubt on the exhaustive research and analysis of those officially charged with such determination and indirectly questions the judgment of the very President he tries to defend.

Los Angeles, Calif.

S. T. COHEN

Who's on First?

Re your piece ["The Week," April 14] on Phil Crane's initiative toward the Youngstown steelworkers: Who's on first, what's on second? Why is "an alarmed AFL-CIO . . . alerting its members to a new danger from the Right" if they are both supporting similar anti-free-trade legislation?

Anyway, is it your position to support "legislation to curb imports on imported steel," or for that matter to curb imports on any product? If you are slipping into a protectionist position, it must make Milton Friedman squirm in his chair, besides turning Adam Smith in his grave.

BRIAN J. KAVANAUGH
San Francisco, Calif.

On Capital Punishment

I found "The Collapse of the Case against Capital Punishment," by Ernest van der Haag [March 31], to be well-researched, thoughtful, fair, and informative. The rightness of the institution of capital punishment for murder is evident. Unfortunately, many will not understand this until their "freedom" destroys order and their own peace and affluence are threatened.

The current debate on capital punishment is actually only a symptom of a real problem this country now faces. Our society no longer has a moral absolute by which to judge its people, and when so

ciety has no absolutes, then *society* is absolute, and all we are left with is arbitrary sociological law. Nothing shows the moral bankruptcy of a people more than their disregard for the sanctity of human life. Paradoxical though it may seem, the underlying philosophies of those who favor abolishing the death penalty graphically display this disregard for the sanctity of human life. It is sanctity of life that validates the death penalty for the crime of murder; and the deeper our regard for life, the firmer will be our willingness to support capital punishment.

There is really no choice. It's either God's law or arbitrary, subjective, relativistic sociological law that will eventually lead to chaos.

Hattiesburg, Miss.

STEVE JUSSELY

Ernest van den Haag's analysis of capital punishment was brilliant and fascinating, as van den Haag always is at his best, but its effect depends on one of the least legitimate of debaters' tricks, knocking over straw men while ignoring or slighting one's opponent's strongest argument.

Of all the arguments on both sides of the issue, only two are worth discussing—the "pro" argument that executions deter murder and the "anti" argument that an innocent person may be executed. Whether capital punishment is moral or immoral depends on whether the innocent lives it saves are more numerous than the innocent lives it takes. If it could be proven to a mathematical certainty that the execution of 498 guilty people and two innocent people would prevent three murders, those 500 executions would be justified. But the dilemma is that it will never be possible to prove that ratio statistically.

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

STEVE OWNBEY

It seems to me that the efficacy of capital punishment as a deterrent might be tested by announcing that anyone who continues to insist that capital punishment is not a deterrent will be executed.

Springfield, Va.

J. M. PRESTON

Professor Ernest van den Haag's article is an exposition of misguided faith in our judicial system. Speaking eloquently for capital punishment, Professor van den Haag rests the foundation of his belief on the idea that, all things considered, our courts will do justice. Need one do more than point out the Supreme Court abortion decision to provide an effective rebuttal?

We must realize that the execution of innocent men is an event of some probability in our legal system. Once a court has decreed that a man's life must be ended, there is no way of doing justice if said court is later proven wrong. Believing our courts to be fallible, I will urge a sentence of life (all the years of a man's life) for

those crimes that a legislature may decide are worthy of severe punishment.

Bronx, N.Y.

JOSEPH C. LYNCH

New Clean Air Act?

Your reasoning is faulty in your "Vile Bodies" attack ["The Week," March 3] on HEW Secretary Joseph Califano. You say that it is inconsistent to attack tobacco smoking at a time when legalization of marijuana is growing more popular. That in no way argues against an anti-smoking crusade. It is part of a legitimate argument against toleration of marijuana.

You suggest a homology between the effects of smoking on non-smokers and the effects of drinking on non-drinkers. The effects are neither homologous nor analogous because one is direct—effects of smoke—whereas the other is indirect—effects of behavior influenced by alcohol. Smoking does have indirect, behavior-mediated effects analogous to those of alcohol (fires and fire insurance costs, costs of providing and cleaning ash trays, higher accident rates for smoking drivers), but these are in addition to the direct effects of the smoke on our protoplasm.

The obvious response for a rational and just society is to penalize the behavior of the drunk who harms the innocent and penalize the release of smoke where it harms the unwilling.

Jamestown, N.Y.

NORMAN CARLSON

Et Resurrexit Tertia Die . . .

In Jeffrey Hart's review of Robert Wilcox' pseudo-scientific theory of the Resurrection [March 17], he and Wilcox have Christ's body-mass being converted into pure energy. That would have been an event that no one, Christian or otherwise, could have overlooked, since a seventy-kilogram mass converted into energy would yield the equivalent to the energy released in the explosion of well over a billion tons of TNT—approximately the same blast force as eight thousand Hiroshima bombs.

Yes, Mr. Hart, this would have scorched the Shroud, and thousands of square miles of the countryside as well.

Lafayette, La.

HENRY E. HEATHERLY

Reply from Frostburg

Oh, what a tangled web we (in this case, Russell Kirk and his embittered Frostburg correspondent) weave.

Their collective ruminations in "No Chill at Frostburg" [April 28] are a curious tribute to the colleagues and students with whom the correspondent has chosen to spend the last 15 years of his career.

I cannot speak for Behemoth U., but since I am the fee-happy charlatan who precipitated this tempest, let me correct a few impressions of the teapot:

Item: My decision was that of an empiricist, interested in testing an assertion

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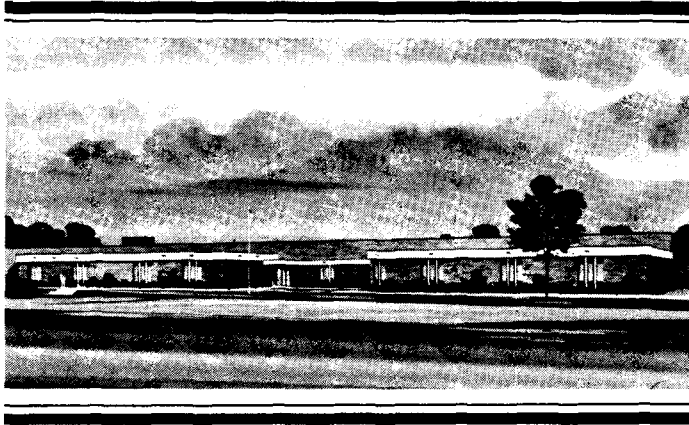
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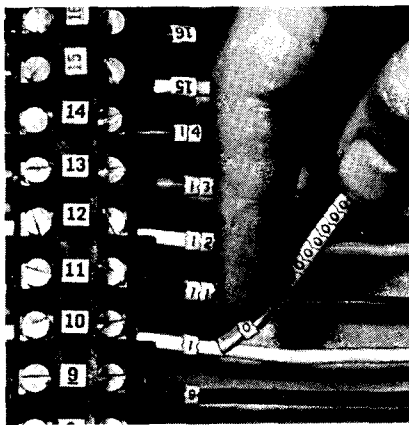
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Despite the erosion of our dollar overseas and a wide range of economic problems at home, we at Brady take the long view with cautious optimism. Our growing international operations now include Australia, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Sweden and West Germany. Here at home, we have recently completed a new manufacturing plant at Merrimack, New Hampshire. Construction of our new technical center in Milwaukee (above) is under way.

These marketing, manufacturing and research activities go hand in hand with growing product lines in all of our divisions. The demands of our customers and our own research create new Brady products designed to help make information clearer, work safer, products more attractive, work more productive.



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I had heard many times: that dropping freshmen after one semester of work is too soon, proves nothing, and prevents the full use of counseling and study-skills services we offer on the campus. There were 35 freshmen in the group. Twenty returned and we shall see whether this one-shot attempt to learn something about our own assumptions yields any useful information. If that is so shocking, try ridiculing an institution that doesn't even use Fs; there are quite a few.

Item: The cum laudes at Commencement were not "nearly the entire graduating class," and there was no "roar of laughter" when they were asked to rise. But I wouldn't expect this item to be accurate; Mr. Kirk's correspondent hasn't bothered to attend Commencement for several years.

Item: Did the correspondent bother to find out what our best students really do? He might have looked at our departmental honors lists, or the placement records of graduates, or comments from graduate schools where our students are known.

Item: We do not have 3,500, we have 2,800 undergraduates.

Item: Our high-rise dorms (three of them "abound") are paid for.

But enough. May I simply ask Mr. Kirk his own question: How many undergraduates—anywhere—"hanker" after wisdom and virtue, the Platonic ends of learning? If the problem we face in higher education today can be reduced to the decree of a college president that twenty faltering freshmen shall be allowed to foul the professorial nest for one semester, then we don't begin to understand the trouble we're in.

Frostburg, Md.

NELSON P. GUILD
President

Frostburg State College

Polish Rebellion

Your headline "Calling Ralph Naderski," over a letter re the lack of consumerism in Russia ["Letters," March 3], expresses an old usage which never was correct and is not only misleading but offensive.

By "-ski" you doubtless mean to imply that there is a Russian aspect. But in fact, "-ski" is not Russian at all, it is Polish. You have never met or heard of a Russian whose name was spelled with a "-ski"; the common spelling for Russian names is "-sky."

The Poles have problems of their own to deal with, without being forced also to clear up the confusion needlessly created by my favorite magazine.

Falls Church, Va. KIRKLEY S. COULTER

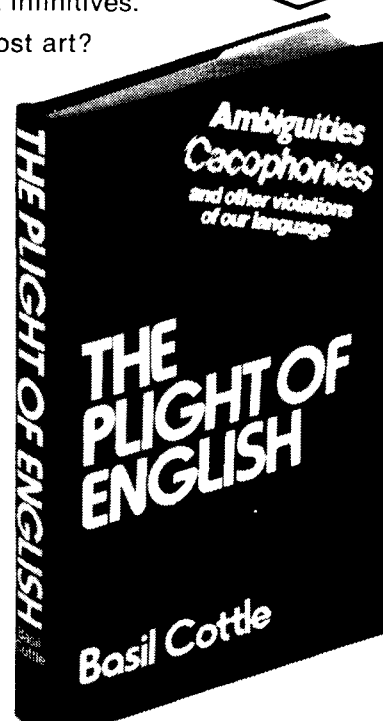
Such differentiation is always useful, and we apologize to our Polish friends for not adhering to it here. But as a matter of linguistic precision, since what we are doing with Russian is transliterating from an-

How many of these mistakes are you making in your speech and your writing?

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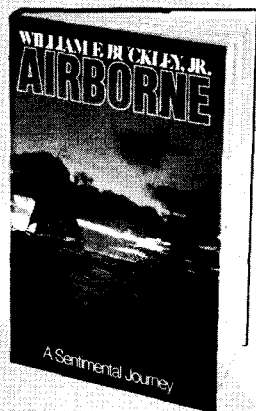
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other alphabet, it is purely a matter of custom whether one uses "-sky," "-skii" (which is actually the most logical transliteration), or, as the French do, "-ski." —LB

Points

Richard Brookhiser [review of William Sloane Coffin's memoirs, Feb. 3] finds the two angels at Jesus' empty tomb "oafish," he says, because they asked Mary Magdalene, "Why are you weeping?" They are either "playing some sort of a grotesque joke," which Brookhiser doubts, or they "are sincerely ignorant of what it means . . . to have lost Christ."

If Mr. Brookhiser had read a few more verses in St. John's gospel, he would have learned that Jesus was present at the time of the angels' question. Further, there is nothing to suggest that the angels had any reason to believe that He was unrecognizable to her.

Roselle, Ill.

GEORGE ERTEL

The April 14 *NR* ["The Week"] carries two brief items on Dr. Ellen Berscheid's research on physical attractiveness.

Both items are, I think, rude. To criticize a scholar's research is quite proper. To make critical inferences about the scholar's appearance, even in jest, is not. Surely a journal of conservative thought ought to hold to civilized manners.

Carbondale, Ill.

RANDALL BYTWERK

Gay Rights

I read with interest the debate between Jere Real and M. J. Sobran Jr. on "Gay Rights" [March 17]. Both views were superbly articulated. I believe, however, that Sobran missed the main point of Real's essay. Real was not advocating a massive gay rights campaign on the order of the 1960s black "civil rights" movement. Instead, he was primarily deploring the strange and almost universal failure of conservative spokesmen to exercise good judgment (and, in many cases, good taste) when commenting upon the issue of homosexuality.

A case in point (charitably neglected by Real): the short editorial appearing in the pages of *NATIONAL REVIEW* directly after the repeal of the Dade County anti-discrimination ordinance. The editorial gleefully exulted in the gays' defeat, skipped over the "ideological excesses" of Anita Bryant, and then sharply rebuked the gays for their campaign tactics. That was outrageously unfair. It was Anita Bryant and her supporters who dragged the election into the gutter, appealed to the hysterical fears of the voters, slandered my city, its mayor and sheriff. Compared to the "Save Our Children" campaign, the campaign waged by the anti-repeal forces was pristine clean.

San Francisco, Calif.

DUKE ARMSTRONG

Sobran threw everything at Real but the kitchen sink—a good example of overkill. Nevertheless, too little was made of Real's admission that Sergeant Matlovich's "fatal flaw had been to tell the truth about himself . . ." Of course, that is the crux of the problem. As long as Sergeant Matlovich kept his sexual preferences to himself he had no trouble. But it is the insistence by some homosexuals that the world know of their condition and accept it that gags.

Nor can anti-discrimination legislation be enforced in the face of universal opposition. We should have learned that from Prohibition.

Weslaco, Tex.

FRANCIS J. SULLIVAN

M. J. Sobran Jr.'s criticisms of "semantic legerdemain" are very welcome. To use the term "lifestyle" as it is commonly used today is to concede that all that is at issue is *style*. May I suggest that the use of the term "gay," including your use on the March 17 cover, leads to similar confusion and undesirable concession? "Homosexual" seems to be a reasonably objective term, and is surely to be preferred to one which carries the implication that homosexuals are somehow "gayer," in any of the traditional senses of the term, than are heterosexuals. The same argument could, of course, be directed against use of the word "queer" in this context.

The use of language which already concedes debatable points certainly makes it more difficult to arrive at whatever correct moral decisions are possible.

Decorah, Iowa

GEORGE L. MURPHY

Carter and Cambodia

Re WFB's column on the Cambodian horror [April 14], in which he asks, "Where, in the name of God, is President Jimmy Carter?": I don't know where Carter is, but I know where he isn't.

The President is *not* standing at the White House door with arms outstretched for letters on Cambodia. Last September I read something in *NR* on Cambodia, and I resolved to do something, however small, before the end of day. Thinking that letters to the President would be tabulated in such a way as to reflect opinion, and believing that others would also be writing, I wrote the President.

Weeks went by, and then came a printed correspondence card from the State Department with one of those icy, generalized messages on it worded carefully to avoid any connection between my letter and the President's policy. Indifference to Cambodia was already on the record, but I was surprised that the reply did not come from the White House, that the Carter staff is ignoring the simplest and easiest way of making friends. I hope *NATIONAL REVIEW* will report progress of the International Rescue Committee team.

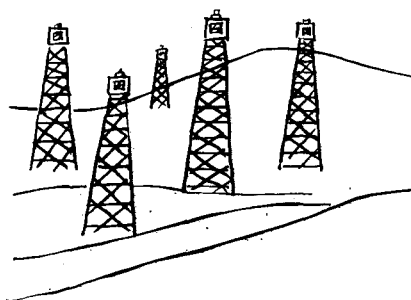
Milwaukee, Wisc.

ALICE STURTZEN

FOR THE RECORD

■ **Howard Baker** may be **Jimmy Carter's** ace in the hole in the Senate. Inside reports on jet-sale deal to Israel-Egypt-Saudi Arabia indicate that **Baker** and **Henry Kissinger** were instrumental in working out the compromise package (twenty more jets for Israel; certain modifications in the F-15 jets for Saudi Arabia to lessen their offensive capabilities) that finally won passage. . . . But, say White House officials, even that wouldn't have done it without the help of Sen. **Abraham Ribicoff** (D., Conn.), who led the fight for passage. His support, say these sources, meant that middle-to-liberal Democratic senators like **John Culver** (Iowa), **Dale Bumpers** (Ark.), **Thomas Eagleton** (Mo.), and **Daniel Inouye** (Hawaii) could vote with the Administration. . . . **Ribicoff** was the only Jew in the Senate to vote for the package. The other four—**Howard Metzenbaum** (D., Ohio), **Edward Zorinsky** (D., Neb.), **Jacob Javits** (R., N.Y.), and **Richard Stone** (D., Fla.)—did not. . . . Of the Democrats running for reelection this year, only three voted for the sale: **Paul Hatfield** (Mont.), **Bennett Johnston** (La.), and **Jennings Randolph** (W.Va.).

■ Last week saw a discernible hardening in the Administration position vis-à-vis **Soviet-Cuban adventurism** in Africa, a shift touched off by the invasion of Shaba province from Soviet-dominated Angola. . . . Although **Fidel Castro** called in our man in Havana, **Lyle Lane**, to assure him that the Cubans had nothing whatsoever to do with the invasion of Zaire, he was clearly not believed. . . . Angolan President **Agostinho Neto's** visit to Moscow last month coincided with the visit of Cuban Foreign Minister **Isodoro Malmierca**, and the White House believes the Zaire incursion was plotted then. . . . Carter's anger over **Brezhnev's** provocations—



Mitro, Ta Nea

Rotheo

Zaire, on top of the **Orlov** trial—could, say **Evans & Novak**, mean a downgrading of the importance of UN Ambassador **Andrew Young**, Assistant Secretary of State **Richard Moose**, and State Department policy-planning chief **Anthony Lake**—all doves—in the highest councils of the land. . . . Sen. **Dick Clark**, author of the Clark amendment barring U.S. aid to anti-Marxist guerrillas in Angola, is afraid that "President Carter has made the decision to reinvolve the United States in the Angolan civil war." Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** shares Clark's concern but says he is willing to listen "to the Administration's case [on providing support for the UNITA guerrillas in Angola] but that it must be discussed openly." . . . CIA Director **Stansfield Turner** and others on the National Security Council reportedly have recommended turning over military hardware to the Angolan guerrillas and the Eritrean liberation fighters through third parties as a way of pinning down Cuban troops in Ethiopia and Angola—and keeping them away from **Rhodesia**. . . . Mean-

while, in Paris, the leaders of 21 French-speaking African nations urged French President **Giscard d'Estaing** to bring to **Jimmy Carter's** attention their concern over Soviet and Cuban military interventions in Africa. . . . Meanwhile, says Ivory Coast President **Houphouët-Boigny**, French Africa will look to France for help when militarily threatened.

■ **John Ashbrook's** Conservative Victory Fund (CVF) has picked 16 Republican candidates to support in the upcoming primaries and election. They include: **Jeff Bell**, running against liberal Republican Sen. **Clifford Case** in New Jersey; Rep. **Bill Armstrong**, running against Democratic Sen. **Floyd Haskell** in Colorado; **Richard Obenchain**, in a three-way primary in Virginia to fill the Senate seat **William Scott** is vacating; and, in the House, former Sen. **Ed Gurney** of Florida, running for the seat being vacated by Rep. **Lou Frey**; and **Bill Bronson**, who is opposing Democratic Rep. **Michael Harrington** in Massachusetts. . . . In New Jersey, NR contributor **Charles Wiley** has won the GOP nomination in the 15th CD and is assured support by the state, and possibly the national, GOP. . . . Also on the right, ACU Chairman **Phil Crane** says his organization is gearing up for the next big one—the fight against **SALT II**—and that it will have a thirty-minute documentary on it ready for July showing. . . . The ACU's membership is way up, incidentally, over 300,000, much of the growth in response to its mailings and TV shows against the **Panama Canal** treaties.

■ Battle of the midgets: The Japanese government has put in place jamming stations to head off a possible attack on the new **Tokyo airport** by bomb-bearing radio-controlled model airplanes.

THE WEEK

■ The American Federation of Government Employees, upset about the President's proposed 5.5 per cent lid on their salary increase, is threatening a work slowdown. This is the happiest prospect of the season.

■ Representative Barber Conable (R., N.Y.) had a thought. Every year, the House casts a ritual vote against raising the debt ceiling; and every year, congressmen approve a whopping budget increase that makes it necessary to raise the ceiling. Conable reasoned that if he could schedule the two votes for the same day, some of his colleagues would be shamed into consistency. He did, and they weren't. The \$50.9-billion deficit passed, 201 to 198; 15 minutes later, the House voted 228 to 167 against the raised debt ceiling.

■ With his announcement that he is not running for the Senate seat that John Sparkman is vacating this year, George Corley Wallace has implicitly retired from national politics. Even in his offhand valedictory remarks, with a crack or two at "pointy-heads," he did nothing to raise the tone of public discourse in this country. But it is only fair to note that it was really the pointy-heads, and only secondarily blacks (whom he has lately learned to court), who were his targets all along. His political impetus came from the coarse but true popular perception that the nation was being taken over by an incompetent and irresponsible new class of governors, who were doing their utmost to reduce the governed to a state of semi-servility. We wish he had said it better, that his career might have had some kinder epitaph than that he was a mixed curse.

■ The administrative committee of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops has declined to support (though it is not opposing) the Equal Rights Amendment, and has voted down a statement urging economic sanctions against South Africa, South West Africa, and Rhodesia. The ERA, the bishops fear, might have uncertain consequences for family life and the abortion issue. The bishops are keeping their eyes on the real priorities, and the pull of episcopal trendiness appears to be ebbing.

■ The United Presbyterian Church has whoppingly voted its disapproval of the ordination of practicing homosexuals. How the church adjusts sacred and secular concerns is pretty much its own business, but we can't help admiring the way the Presbyterian delegates handled a touchy issue. In deciding against condoning homosexuality in any form, they were careful to balance contempt

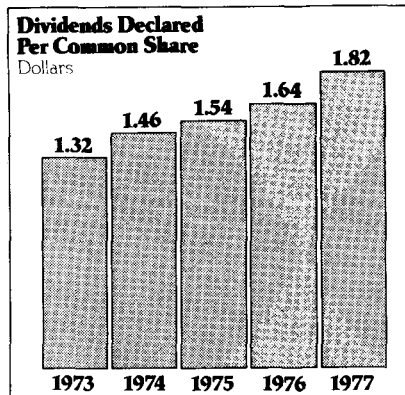
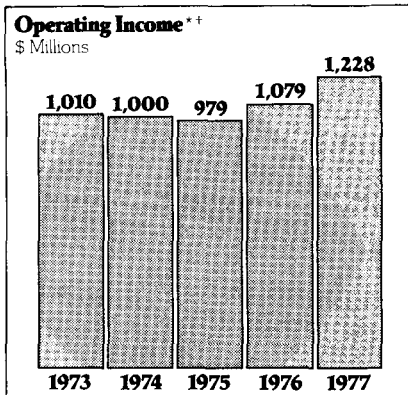
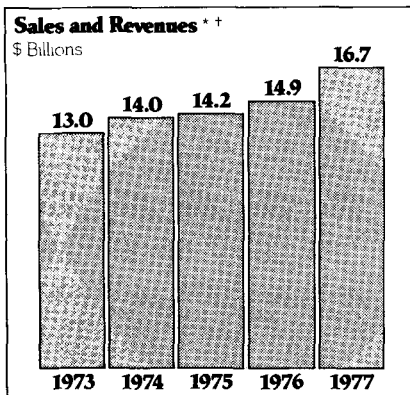
for the sin with charity for the sinner (the latter, indeed, requires the former); careful, also, to avoid seeming to take a political stand on the real and putative rights of homosexuals. It is inspiring, in a quiet way, to see a religious body take a firm and principled stand that is neither trendy nor reactionary.

■ Meanwhile, another gay rights ordinance, enacted last fall, was toppled by referendum. Oregon is a state of cantankerous unpredictability, as witness its election in recent years of mavericks like Wayne Morse and Robert Packwood. Eugene is a university town, hence presumably a stronghold of liberalism. The good people of Eugene voted for repeal by a 2 to 1 ratio. Gay leaders, sounding hoarse, say that Eugene would probably strip black people of their civil rights; but for some reason that wasn't on the ballot.

■ Midge Costanza has been impressing others in and out of the Administration with her outspoken ineptitude, and the President finally responded by stripping her of her major duties as a wimminority liaison and sending Hamilton Jordan to ask her to move her office—the one between the offices of Messrs. Jordan and Carter—across the street to the Executive Office Building. Oh no you don't, said Midge: "To move the office to the Executive Office Building will give women and others the notion that we don't care," she confided to a *New York Times* reporter. Mr. Carter has decided that he does care, and Midge was moved to an office in the White House basement, presumably with assurances that the door at the top of the stairs will not be nailed.

■ For the last two years, Paul and Patricia Brennan have been carrying letters in downtown Rochester, N.Y. for 10¢ (see "Their (Dis)appointed Rounds," *NR*, Nov. 11, 1977). Now, unless the Supreme Court comes to the rescue, their customers will have to go back to the competition. The Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit upheld a District Court ruling enjoining the Brennans from violating the Postal Service's monopoly. "While American citizens may properly complain about the cost or inefficiency of mail service," Judge William H. Mulligan noted, "this is a matter for the Congress and not the courts." Congress, meanwhile, has just finished weighing the merits of the 15¢ as opposed to the 16¢ stamp.

■ Evans and Novak report that a Brzezinski aide, Victor Utgoff, two months ago told a group of arms specialists in California that, while we should maintain military parity with the Soviets, "it might be to our advantage to allow U.S. superiority to fade away." How come? "I suspect we would occasionally use it as a way of throwing our weight around in some very risky ways." Utgoff complains that his off-the-record remarks are being taken out of context. Evans and Novak, however, see his implied attitude as typical of the middle-level



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Just when you think National Health Insurance (NHI) is a dead issue, the Administration administers artificial respiration and it once again pops up as the single biggest piece of proposed legislation of the year. Early on, in January, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano told us that the Administration would have its NHI proposals ready around income-tax time. A bit later, the date was moved up. Then Califano took a trip to England to study the National Health Service and returned, somewhat gloomy, to tell us that nothing would happen until 1979 at the earliest. But then, within weeks of Califano's statement, the White House announced that it would indeed send Congress its NHI proposals, and would do so well before the November elections. The decision, to put it mildly, has left most health care experts here startled. For one thing, with the exception of Hamilton Jordan, none of Carter's advisors wants it. The Office of Management and Budget, Stuart Eizenstat, and Joseph Califano all oppose NHI on the grounds that you can't fight inflation by enacting legislation that would add at least \$50 billion to the budget. Nor is there any great enthusiasm for NHI on the Hill. Representative Dan Rostenkowski (D., Ill.), chairman of Ways and Means' subcommittee on health, says flatly that there is no discernible support for a health insurance bill this year. Senator Herman Talmadge, head of Finance's subcommittee on health, says that no such legislation should be considered until the Administration proves it can manage existing health care programs. And Senator Russell Long, who as

chairman of the Finance Committee has the final say on the fate of any NHI proposal, last week introduced his own bill for government coverage of catastrophic illnesses just after the White House let it be known that Carter will campaign all-out late this summer for the Administration's plan.

No one here—and this includes HEW officials and White House aides—can say with any certainty why Carter has suddenly decided to make NHI a high-priority issue this year. Some believe that George Meany and the UAW's Douglas Fraser have delivered an ultimatum: It's either NHI now or Teddy Kennedy in 1980. Others, however—among them several White House staffers—believe it's much simpler than that. Carter, they say, has been badly stung by the record of broken campaign promises that opponents have been gleefully compiling, and intends to attempt to reverse that record before the congressional elections by stumping for NHI, the biggest promise of them all. It may not work, however. As one observer put it, Carter now has made three solid promises: "He has promised to push through a national health insurance bill; he has promised to balance the budget; and he has promised to bring inflation under control. If he can do those three things simultaneously, he deserves a Nobel Prize."

■ Even the Administration, which had been lobbying hard for its passage, was startled by the lopsided 277 to 31 vote in the House for the Udall bill which would set aside 102 million acres in Alaska for national parks and wildlife refuges. According to House staffers, the size of the vote was in large measure the result of election-year politics

plus doubt about the bill's prospects in the Senate. At issue was the basic question of development versus preservation. A great many more than 31 congressmen favor the former. But as one staffer puts it, no one in an election year wants to stir up the conservationists, especially over as remote and sparsely populated a place as Alaska. Nor is the House vote the final say. In the Senate, both Ted Stevens and Mike Gravel oppose the bill, and have threatened a filibuster should it come to the floor. It is traditional in the Senate not to pass legislation affecting a single state should that state's delegation oppose it. And Majority Leader Robert Byrd is saying that he won't schedule the bill if Stevens and Gravel remain adamant. Thus, in the House, many development-minded incumbents tried to win election-year points with conservationists by voting for a bill they believe will die in the Senate.

■ A bill that no one believes will go anywhere has been introduced by Senator Patrick Leahy (D., Vt.). Among other things, Leahy's bill would bring members of Congress into the Social Security system and would abolish congressional exemptions from the Occupational Safety and Health Act, the Civil Rights Act, the Equal Employment Opportunity Act, the Fair Labor Standards Act, and the Freedom of Information Act. The problem, says Leahy, is that "in enacting these measures Congress proclaimed that what is good and fair for the country is not necessarily good and fair for Congress." Leahy, whose colleagues live free from such harassments as affirmative action programs, is having trouble finding co-sponsors. —CATO

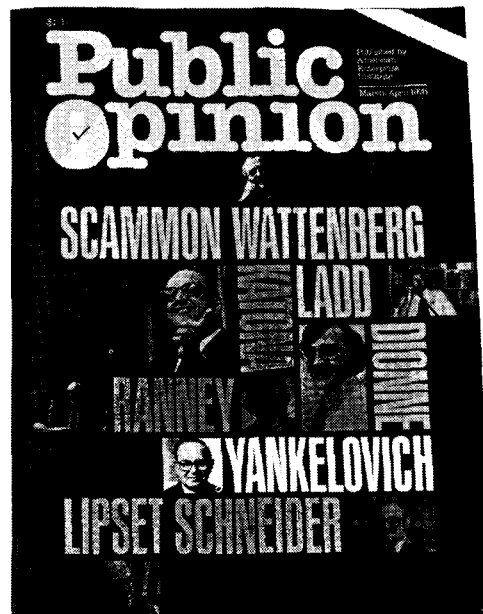
officials serving Brzezinski (who, they insist, does not share it): "Seared by the flame of Vietnam, [these officials] cannot trust their country to handle power responsibly. They incline to Pogo's Vietnam slogan: 'I have met the enemy and he is us' (posters of which have adorned walls of the U.S. Arms Control Agency). The Utgoff principle raises doubt whether officials carrying that national self-image can effectively negotiate with an adversary not similarly burdened." There is more than one sense in which the enemy may be "us."

■ "The President of the United States desires friendly relations with a strong China. He is determined to join you in overcoming the remaining obstacles in the way

of full normalization of our relations. The United States has made up its mind on this issue." Thus the Administration's National Security Advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, at a banquet in the Great Hall of the People in Peking. On countless occasions, spokesmen for the People's Republic on the Mainland have stated that "normalization" of relations with the U.S. would require abrogation of our mutual defense treaty with Taiwan, de-recognition of the government there, and withdrawal of all U.S. forces. A sense of foreboding surrounds discussion of current U.S. policy toward Taiwan. Thus Brzezinski was present in Peking on May 20, the day Taiwan inaugurated a new president, Chiang Ching-kuo, an event ignored by Brzezinski. It appeared to be a calculated

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insult. In dealing with Carter's Administration it is hard to know whether one should prefer calculated or uncalculated insults.

■ Having dealt us out of Africa in 1975, Congress is feeling some pangs of remorse in the wake of the Zaire invasion, but has not yet acquired the wit to avoid the same error in the far more critical eastern Mediterranean. The Foreign Relations Committee voted 8 to 4 against removal of the three-year-old arms embargo on Turkey and in the process has signally failed to advance a settlement on Cyprus. General Haig says that by 1980 the eastern anchor of NATO will be up against "a wall of obsolescence." There are hints that other NATO members may fill part of the gap, especially Germany, even as Belgium and France are filling it in Africa. We will indeed be lucky if someone other than the Russians picks up the pieces.

■ How best to celebrate the anniversary of the overthrow of the Lon Nol regime in Cambodia? For the present rulers of that festive land, this question is easily answered. You round up the 350 families in the area surrounding the village in which Lon Nol was born and slaughter them, and then post their names at an anniversary rally.

■ In the wake of Aldo Moro's murder, Italian political sentiment shifted toward what Italy has instead of a Center, the Christian Democrats. Voters turned out in heavy numbers to give the CDs 42.5 per cent in the local elections (up 3 per cent from 1976), while the Socialists and other moderate groups gained too. The Communists slipped from their 1976 figure of 34 per cent to 26.5 per cent. (Fascists and Left fringe groups slipped too.) The Christian Democrats made it a point to link the Red Brigades to the Reds, whereat the Communists were much offended. Call us McCarthyites, but we can't help noticing that the Communists themselves haven't been among the regular victims of Red Brigades kneecapping. Maybe the voters noticed too.

■ Notes from the Feet and Furlongs Resistance Movement: While most Britons are perfectly willing to allow manufacturers who sell abroad to convert to the metric system, they are beginning to dig in their heels as the deadline for local metrication approaches. Sentiment in favor of the English system is increased by the fear of government intrusiveness. As *The Economist* reports, deadpan: "Mr. Fraser's officials [he is the Labor junior minister for prices and consumer protection] did not help him by misreading the 1963 Weights and Measures Act. They seemed to be saying that a corner shop proprietor who sold ribbon by the yard after February 1979 might be sent to prison. Not so. In fact he could merely be fined, up to £50." Per ribbon?

■ Justice Notes: The Supreme Court has refused an appeal for review of Patty Hearst's conviction, so she has wound up in prison after all, thereby appeasing the gods that demand that the rich be treated exactly like everyone else only more so. Meanwhile, the European Court of Human Rights has condemned the Isle of Man's practice of birching criminals. The decision was precipitated by a 1972 case in which a 15-year-old boy was given three strokes of the birch rod for assaulting a schoolmate. The punishment had been delayed for seven weeks pending appeal, which only compounded his agony with "the mental anguish of anticipating the violence he was to have inflicted on him." Thus saith the Court. Now back to Chile.

■ Beat your spouse lately? Senator Alan Cranston (D., Calif.) is worried that you might have, or that your neighbor might have, or something. To allay his fears, Senator Cranston has introduced the Domestic Violence Prevention and Services Act (S-2759). The bill, which was recently approved by—get this—the Senate Human Resources Subcommittee on Child and Human Development, would authorize \$30 million a year for state and local efforts "to prevent incidents of domestic violence and to aid the victims." Naturally, states would be required to contribute "substantial" matching funds after the first year. For more details call your local chapter of Spouse-Beaters Anonymous.

■ Mr. Lawrence Miller of Rockport, Texas, who died shortly after the ballots were printed, has won the Democratic nomination for justice of the peace, trouncing his opponent, 437 to 153. There is no Republican nominee. The thought of a vacant office is too much for the local politicians, who are appointing a candidate and thereby voiding the election and the clear, democratic Will of the People.

■ What city has the highest percentage of household income over \$25,000 (25 per cent)? The highest average household income (\$21,149)? The highest percentage of white collar employment (70.6 per cent)? The most banks and Mercedes-Benz autos per capita? Washington, D.C.

■ As if it didn't have enough troubles, the CIA has now been cited by OSHA for "unsafe and unhealthful" conditions in bomb disposal training areas. The OSHA inspectors opined that trainees might ignore hazardous fumes or trip over things if they got too absorbed with the problem of defusing a bomb.

■ You can still smoke in Madison, Wisconsin, but if someone asks you for a cigarette, don't do it. According to the city attorney, it is illegal to "dispose of or give away" cigarettes, unless of course you have a \$5 license,

payable to the city. Violators can be fined up to \$100, also payable to the city of course.

■ cc: New Yorkers. Enraged by a police shooting that left a worker dead, some four thousand citizens of Coacalco, Mexico seized the mayor, made him write his resignation, then forced him to eat 12 pounds of bananas.

■ Another assault with a deadly fruit was recorded in Pittsburgh where two men tried to hold up a clothing store, one of them menacing the manager with his hand in a paper bag. Apprehension was swift after a banana fell out of the bag. The banana control lobby is in full cry.

■ Frontiers of Justice. The owner of a porno movie house in San Bernardino, California has been fined \$1,250, jailed for one day, and additionally sentenced to watch twenty hours of his own X-rated movies, notwithstanding the constitutional prohibition against cruel and unusual punishments.

Waiting for Uncle Sam

The mess in Shaba is even messier than the regulation African mess, and it would be foolish to prognosticate. At this time it appears the invaders are withdrawing toward Angola through Zambia, loaded with loot. The details will become clearer later. Meanwhile, enough is known to warrant some speculative comments.

1. If the attackers have left, it may well have been the prompt Belgian-French-American reaction that convinced them now is not the time to go for broke. But this invasion was more sophisticated than the one 14 months ago and there may be a third.

2. Even more dangerous and perhaps more likely (if the Cubans are providing guidance) is that armed groups have been left behind as a nucleus for a simulated insurgency *à la* Vietnam.

3. If so, we'll be hearing much about the corruption of the Mobutu government, and we could cooperate with Belgians and French in pulling Mobutu's socks up. But any major effort to strengthen Zaire will encounter the knee-jerk "no-more Vietnams" syndrome according to which the defense of a besieged nation can only be addressed after all social, political, and economic weaknesses have been corrected, until which time Communist-supported infiltration and subversion is excusable and cannot be opposed.

4. The sudden salutary interest in legislative restraints provides Congress with a goad to review its own visceral actions since the Vietnam disaster. Three of the restraints illustrate the un-wisdom of basing foreign policy on the

sum of successive congressional reflexive outbursts. The Cooper-Church (1970), Case-Church (1973) and Clark (1975) amendments hobbled the U.S. in Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Angola. If this *ad hoc* trend had continued, we would have had a separate legislative charter for conducting war and peace with every individual country. Fortunately, the Zablocki Committee will conduct a review, and, perhaps by the time Congress acts (if it does), the Administration will be ready also.

But the question is: What can we and our allies *do* about the Soviet-Cuban combination in Africa? President Kaunda gives us a glimpse of the future when he tells us we must hand over Rhodesia to guerrilla leader Nkomo, or Kaunda will whistle up the Cubans to help Nkomo to Salisbury. We need not capitulate to this blackmail, but Kaunda's shift from abhorring Cubans a short time ago to threatening to welcome them shows how nothing succeeds like success. To dampen this bandwagon effect radical measures will be needed. The solution is not in Africa alone—or even primarily there, since the problem lies in Moscow and Havana.

As for Moscow, the West has significant assets if it could use them in concert. We need not support a hideously inefficient economic system, enabling it to devote its resources to hideously efficient foreign buccaneering. Pious rhetorical linkage runs right off the Soviets' back; specific hard terms might gain respect.

A SALT treaty of the kind being discussed would further free Soviet resources for spoiling in Africa, Asia, and the Middle East. We could simply suspend SALT talks until the Soviets are ready to provide a basis for mutual trust. They need SALT more than we do—or, if not, it is time we found out about it.

Don't We Wish!

All in all, not a good week for UN diplomats. Rudolf Chernyayev and Valdick Enger, Soviet employees of the United Nations Secretariat, found themselves sitting in the Tombs, with bail at \$2 million apiece, for stealing American anti-submarine warfare secrets. A third spy, Vladimir Zinyakin, avoided arrest on account of diplomatic immunity as an attaché to the Soviet UN mission. American anti-submarine technology being quite sophisticated—American microphones on the ocean floor can tell, not only *where* a Soviet submarine is, but *which* vessel it happens to be—the Russians are understandably anxious to borrow it.

Meanwhile, in Alexandria, Virginia, an espionage trial involving former Vietnamese UN Ambassador Dinh Ba Thi ended with guilty verdicts. Mr. Thi, invoking diplomatic immunity, had discreetly absented himself; but Mr. Ronald Humphrey and Mr. David Truong were not so lucky. Humphrey, a former official of the USIA, had been suborned with Communist promises to release his

Vietnamese mistress; David Truong, formerly with the antiwar movement, now a pro-Vietnamese Capitol Hill lobbyist, claimed to have been trying to help "normalize" American-Vietnamese relations. In pursuit of normalization, he and Humphrey filched secret State Department cables on Southeast Asian affairs.

The two spies were supported throughout the trial by aging antiwar activists, upon whom the larger significance of the case was not lost. "I think this conviction is going to give them all the ammunition they need," warned Jacqui Chagnon of Clergy and Laity Concerned. "McCarthy era, here we come."

The Right Stuff

It may not be appreciated in the Oval Office, but *Public Opinion* magazine has just performed a valuable public service. In the May/June issue of the American Enterprise Institute's new bimonthly, two of democracy's most eloquent apostles, Henry Kissinger and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, consider a question posed to them by pollster Ben Wattenberg: Is there a crisis of spirit in the West?

Kissinger and Moynihan, quite predictably, answer Yes, as would everybody this side of Jimmy Carter's contribution to the United Nations. What is interesting, however, is that both men emphasize that the crisis is so far confined to the Western leadership, the people charged with formulating the policy. Not only are these policy-makers traumatized by Leonid Brezhnev, they live in fear and dread of Brezhnev's Cuban puppets. "We are continually told today," Moynihan said in an apparent allusion to some members of the Administration, "that we *have* to do this or that, *accept* this or that unattractive option, because if we do not, the Russians will send in the Cubans. And this *settles* an argument!" Turning from Africa to SALT, Moynihan sent another salvo, this one clearly marked, in the direction of the Administration: "Remarkably, we now have senior officials of this Administration coming around to us in the Senate saying we must have a SALT treaty soon because if we do not, by the mid-1980s the Soviets will have surpassed us in strategic power."

For both men, America's crisis of spirit can be traced back to Vietnam. "When we left Vietnam," said Kissinger, "it wasn't enough for the protestors that we got out. Vietnam had to be cut off from supplies. Our country was not permitted to have one vestige of possible success, lest we do it again. An attitude developed that we must not conduct any policy—other than rhetoric—anywhere in the world that might possibly succeed. This feeling goes beyond disillusionment with the war. It turns into a self-hatred. . . ."

Although his name didn't come up once during their conversation, a message was obviously being sent to Jimmy Carter. Just about a year ago, speaking at a summit meeting last May in London, Carter declared that the Soviets should be given a year to demonstrate their

The Missing Link

I'll scratch your back, you scratch mine,
Was the diplomatic line
When the kings of yesteryear
Met to yield or domineer.
"Linkage" wasn't looked upon
As a bit of sleazy con:
Metternich and Talleyrand
Scratched and scratched to beat the band!
Jimmy sees it as a fault
Linking Cuba up with SALT.

W. H. VON DREELE

sincerity. He said that if in that period the Kremlin geared down its military machine and showed some respect for the rights of its citizens, then peaceful coexistence would become a real possibility. But if they did none of these things, Mr. Carter said, then the West, led by the U.S., would be compelled to undertake a rearmament campaign of its own. The probationary period is over; the Soviets have failed Mr. Carter's test with flying colors.

Memo to Jerry Rafshoon

Nagged by sagging polls, President Carter has turned to the man who helped put him in the White House in the first place—Gerald For-America's-third-century-why-not-the-best? Rafshoon. Rafshoon, the Atlanta ad man who has worked on every Carter campaign since 1966, will become Assistant to the President for Communications, with responsibility for "long-range" planning of executive sycophancy. The Administration clearly feels under-appreciated, and has concluded that bad PR is the trouble. "We could and should have done a better job in presenting to the American public what we were doing," explains Press Secretary Jody Powell.

Certainly a press operation that put out a thirty-page memo on the subject of Ham Jordan's spitting down a lady's dress needs some overhauling. While he's at it, Rafshoon might overhaul the Administration as well—"presenting what we [are] doing" is, after all, difficult if no one in the White House quite knows what that is.

Rafshoon's—and Carter's—greatest problems, however, may be generic. During the last fifty years, the President—of whichever party—has become the advocate of dynamic and "effective" government (the "conservatism" of such figures as Eisenhower and Nixon emerges only in comparison to their Democratic peers: neither man made a real effort to roll back federal power). The consequences of this process are two: the Federal Government has become fundamentally ungovernable; at the same time, candidates and Presidents-elect must win their spurs by proposing grander and grander remodelings of

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"Seven more years, dear?"

it. Presidential rhetoric becomes an endless raising of phantom antes. These consequences generate a third: once in power, the President will inevitably be savaged by those who played such an important role in his original charade—the media. Thus each Administration begins with a so-called honeymoon; but when the wonder-workers fall short of their promises, out come the knives.

"Candidates who get elected primarily by their successful use of television and imagery," writes Tom Wicker, "may not have the skill and experience necessary to manage the political offices they have won. . . . The danger is doubled when such candidates arouse expectations that cannot be met by political performance."

The Great Terror (Cont'd)

The Soviet judiciary has thrown the book at Yuri Orlov for the anti-Soviet activity of monitoring Soviet compliance with the Helsinki accords. Orlov was sentenced to the maximum seven years in a labor camp, to be followed by five years' exile. His defense counsel was court-appointed: Yevgeni Shalman, a KGB operative. There were no defense witnesses, no cross-examination of prosecution witnesses, no Western spectators or native Orlov sympathizers, except for the defendant's wife and two sons. The courtroom was packed with planted hecklers. After the sentencing, Mrs. Orlov was stripped, except for her bra, and "searched" before three male guards.

These rituals were hardly necessary for the disposition of Orlov. The unwritten Soviet constitution has traditionally made provision for the discreet whisking away of reactionary bourgeois elements. The trial was in essence a media event, deliberately obscene, defiantly degrading. It was designed to show the West that the Kremlin has

overcome its inordinate fear of Jimmy Carter and the human rights bluff.

Reaction in the West was swift. The State Department condemned the proceedings; the House voted unanimously to call for the release of Orlov and others like him. An American publishers' group had already sent a plea for a "fair and open trial" for Orlov, and other groups, of Nobel Prize winners and American scientists, protested the sentence, the latter by canceling a scheduled trip. Several British leaders, including James Callaghan and David Owen, protested too.

The Kremlin could hardly have failed to anticipate this reaction. The impotence of the predictable response was as much a part of the scenario as the behavior of the courtroom flunkies. The question now is whether the West's indignation will or can take any form that will give it force. The illusion that Moscow is open to suasion is now quite dead, and if Mr. Carter wants to try to keep it alive he will get little help from Mr. Brezhnev, who is making it harder and harder for us to back down decorously.

The West remains capable of expressing its ideals only

Rafshoon to the Rescue

Gerald Rafshoon and his media tricks
Publicized Jimmy in '76,
Moving him constantly up in the polls;
Smoothing the goofs and avoiding the shoals.
Now, with the polls going down with his socks,
Jimmy's re-hired his media fox.
If he succeeds, maybe Mr. Rafshoon
Ought to try marketing cheese on the moon.

W. H. VON DREELE

in sheer verbalism, abstract and with little reference to reality. It is Western cowardice that is increasingly institutionalized in every material medium, from concrete policy to diplomatic declarations of our "common aspirations" with the great totalitarian power. We might begin our moral recovery by facing up to our fear, ordinate or inordinate, of our enemy. But it is of course psychologically awkward to assert that you despise what you dread. Much easier to keep squinting for evidence that the bully isn't really such a bad sort.

Gainsaying Gains

Since 1969, the top tax rate on capital gains has been doubled, from 25 per cent to almost 50 per cent, through a series of tax increases disguised as reforms. Stocks and other assets now have to be held twice as long to qualify for capital gains treatment, while the excluded half of capital gains is subject to a 15 per cent minimum tax and can push salary income into brackets above the 50 per cent maximum. The Administration's tax reform proposals would tighten capital gains taxation still further.

Along comes Representative William Steiger with an amendment that is surprisingly popular on Capitol Hill. It would return capital gains taxation to the pre-1969 rules. A parallel proposal by Senator Hansen has sixty co-sponsors. The White House is in tears.

Supporters of the Steiger amendment note that the higher capital gains tax rates have generated lower tax revenues. Not once since 1968 has the capital gains tax on individuals matched the \$7.2-billion yield of that year. After all, people don't have to buy assets that will be subjected to stiff capital gains taxes when sold, nor do they have to sell those assets that they already own. When fewer capital gains assets are bought, the tax deters investment and weakens productivity, real growth, and employment. When people are locked into the investments they own, the tax weakens the efficiency of the economy by reducing the mobility of capital. In both cases, the nation ends up with an anemic economy and the Treasury ends up with less revenue from all taxes—not just the capital gains tax.

Studies by the leading econometric firms, Data Resources and Chase Econometrics, confirmed that employment, incomes, and Treasury revenues would all soar with lower capital gains tax rates. In a series of sleazy arguments, the Treasury wrongly accuses the econometricians of simply "assuming" that the stock market would benefit from making it more profitable to buy and sell stocks. But the Treasury itself assumes, incredibly, that the same volume of capital assets will be bought and sold regardless of the tax rate, and thus comes to the unconvincing conclusion that the Steiger proposal would cost the Treasury \$2 billion. More significantly,

the Treasury is terribly concerned that the proposal would cut the tax burden on high-income families by 3 per cent. Such families are obviously a promising source of the capital investments that spur economic growth. If the tax system induces them to consume more and invest less, as it surely does, the resulting scarcity of capital will increase the rate of return to other capitalists and lower the productivity and real income of workers.

The so-called capital gains "preferences" or "loop-holes" have actually been transformed into a confiscatory capital levy that has discouraged a major source of productive risk capital. While income tax rates have been adjusted downward almost every year, partly to compensate for inflation in the lowest brackets, the capital gains tax rate has instead been increased at the same time that inflation produced purely illusory gains in the prices of assets. Martin Feldstein of Harvard has shown that billions of dollars of the capital gains that have been taxed actually represented no increase at all in real purchasing power, so that those subjected to such taxes suffered huge after-tax losses on their apparent gains. The Steiger amendment would go a long way toward remedying this uniquely American disincentive to productive personal investment.

Son of Linkage

After four years of toe-to-toe stand-off, the Greeks and Turks are trying for a mini-detente covering treatment of each other's minorities, control of the Aegean Sea, and—hardest of all—Cyprus. At Montreux, Switzerland, Turkey's new Premier, Ecevit, and Greece's old but new warhorse, Premier Karamanlis, were progressing famously when suddenly the U.S. unwittingly got in the way with Secretary Vance's remark to a Senate committee, directly linking resumption of U.S. military supplies for Turkey to progress on Cyprus. Hitherto, out of consideration for Turkey's national pride, this "linkage" had been kept below the surface, and Mr. Ecevit's sharp reaction to Vance's remark shows why. Noting that the linkage had previously been attributed to Congress, Ecevit suggested that Vance's statement revealed the Administration's own involvement. Fortunately, this has not stopped the Greeks and Turks from continuing to work for normalization, and this may in turn lead to termination of the Turkish-American hang-up, which benefits none but the USSR.

For the future, the incident does highlight the United States' need to develop a working doctrine for applying linkage. The most effective linkage is the one that is applied but not trumpeted, as we should have learned from the experience of linking credits for the USSR to emigration policy. Similarly, linkages to SALT will be more effective if applied quietly and surgically, not broadcast like a wastrel's seed upon the ground. After

four years of deadlock, our principal objective in Turkey should be the re-opening of 22 military installations and the normalization of relations with this critical insulator of the volatile Middle East against direct Soviet land contact.

Another Bailout

As we go to press, the Administration is still pushing ahead with its plan to guarantee \$2.5 billion in loans for New York City. The worst thing about the scheme is the illusion that because loan guarantees don't appear in the Budget until there is a default they are a source of free money. Loan guarantees can supposedly be provided, as Felix Rohatyn put it, "at no cost to the Federal Government."

Actually, a loan guarantee just shifts risks from lenders to taxpayers. The Federal Government will have guaranteed \$224 billion in outstanding loans by fiscal 1979, and default rates on guaranteed loans to students, homebuyers, and small businesses are already quite high. Borrowers who have federal guarantees mop up a sizable share of available credit, making it that much more difficult and costly for more credit-worthy borrowers to raise funds. A loan guarantee for New York City, for example, would raise borrowing costs for cities that have maintained a sound credit rating.

If aid to New York City must be provided, it should, as the London *Economist* suggested, be as tough as the IMF loan to Britain—"with strings attached through the imposition of strict and specific requirements of fiscal rectitude." As a February Senate Banking Committee report pointed out, however, any form of special aid to financially troubled cities must "weaken the incentive for fiscal discipline at the local level and erode the foundations of our federal system."

Righteous Wrath

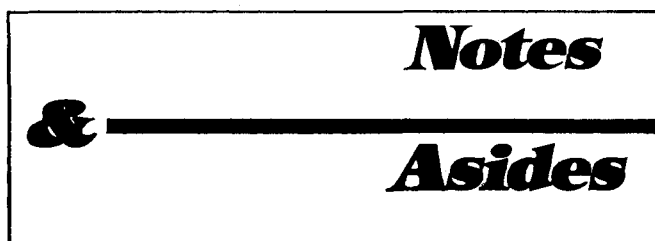
Two months ago, a column on the Cambodian blood-letting ("Report from Bangkok," *NR*, April 14) by William F. Buckley Jr. came to the attention of Mr. Richard Byrd of St. Petersburg, Florida. Being of an inquisitive frame of mind, Mr. Byrd sent copies to 16 religious organizations, soliciting their opinions and comments. As of April 22, he had received four answers. Most helpful were the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs and the Lutheran Council in the U.S.A. The Baptists suggested that "public outcry is the best way to get results," and provided the addresses of various American and international rights agencies. The Lutherans observed that they "do not single out Cambodia . . . but try to address the problem of human rights violations wherever they occur"—e.g., Uganda and South

Africa. Priorities in order, they then enclosed a batch of articles concerning their commendable efforts to help Southeast Asian refugees.

The Friends Committee on National Legislation was more cautious. "Whether the persecution of dissidents is as atrocious as some suggest is a subject of considerable controversy. . . . It is difficult for the United States to be very outspoken because we were actively involved in drawing Cambodia into the Indochina War." The Friends concluded by noting that the UN Human Rights Commission had asked "Kampuchea (Cambodia)" to reply to charges of violations. "This is perhaps as far as the United States and the United Nations can go at this time."

But the Friends were positively bellicose compared to the Mennonites. "We feel it is important for those who are speaking out about human rights . . . to also say something about Kampuchea." What one might say is necessarily vague, however, since "it's not altogether clear what's still going on [there]." In the interests of further unclarity, the Mennonites enclosed an article by Noam Chomsky and Edward S. Herman (from *The Nation*, of course), which doubted whether there has been any slaughter at all. One thing the Mennonites do *not* doubt — ". . . in a sense, the bombing is still going on in Indochina [because] all kinds of unexploded ordnance litter the fields . . . exploding at unexpected times, and causing great hardship to those trying to put that land back into productive agricultural use." The Mennonite Central Committee is accordingly working on a project to deal with the "unexploded munitions problem."

Four down, 12 to go.



■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On the TV show *Match Game* recently, the panelists were asked to name someone associated with the depths of human depravity. One of the panelists immediately came up with Adolf Hitler, a not unreasonable answer (I thought). Three of the panelists disagreed. Their nominee for Monster of the Month was neither Attila nor Torquemada, but Richard Nixon, whose primary qualification for this honor was that he would not admit having anything to do with an illegal entry by unarmed burglars who stole nothing. I swim every day, eat sensibly, and hope to live long enough to see the day when Watergate will no longer be called such names as *Crisis of an Empire* or *Death Rattle of Democracy*, but rather what indeed it was, the *Grea*

American Side Show, enjoyed by millions, with something for everybody, including actors on game shows.

Sheldon White
Glendale, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Having finished your latest novel, *Stained Glass*, I felt that you might need suggestions for your next effort. Perhaps something a little more contemporary would spark a greater interest in your readers. Of course, like Ehrlichman's *The Company*, I have made several clever name changes, to avoid legal problems. So here goes . . .

A conservative columnist, noted for his wit and acerbic barbs, supports a canal treaty that most other conservatives oppose. It is suspected by many that he has made a secret deal with the President's brother, known as "Horsey" Carta (sorry about putting the Horsey before the Carta, but I had no choice) to support the treaty in exchange for an unlimited supply of the columnist's favorite beverage—"Horsey Beer."

Blackford Oakes is called in by the CIA to investigate both the secret deal and the mental state of the President, which has been somewhat unbalanced since he recently learned that he may need braces. Oakes also uncovers a sinister plot by supporters of the canal treaty, which involves putting a secret chemical in the hair dye of a Ronald Raygun (subtle, huh?) immediately before he gives a speech attacking the canal treaty. This tactic causes him to utter the word "petunia" out of context several times during the talk. However, the subversive effort backfires when Raygun receives the endorsement of the Horticulturists Who Want to Save Our Canal Committee, otherwise known as HWWTSOCC (not to be confused with the White Sox, a famous American baseball team).

Oakes goes undercover to Planes, Georgia, where he is to reconstruct an abandoned Corn Dog stand before the arrival of a Geometers' Convention. Perhaps the title of the book could be *Corned Dog*, implying symbolically that American foreign policy can't cut the mustard.

I leave the ending to you, having done more than enough for your creative efforts already. Ten per cent of the profits, plus a lifetime subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, will be more than sufficient.

Yours in Great Literature,
Mark Freshwater
Albertville, Ala.

P.S.: Isn't it nice to get something other than "crank" mail for a change?

Dear Mr. Freshwater: You can have *one hundred* per cent of the profits of that one. But I'll dine out on it, when I'm alone. Gratefully,
WFB

■ Dear Bill:

I have just read your article on "Holocaust" and was moved to note that you were thinking about me.

I am glad to know that you know what I am busy thinking about—it had slipped my mind.

Sincerely,
Gene J. McCarthy
Washington, D.C.

Dear Gene:

The Cambodian incursion will *never* slip your mind.

Cordially,
Bill

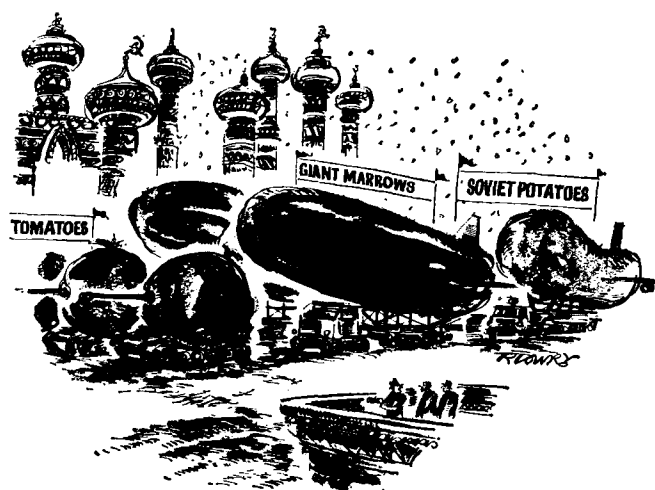
■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I've seen it! It may be faint and merely a glimmer, but it's definite—the light at the end of the tunnel.

I was thumbing through my younger brother's year-book recently (I graduated from high school two years ago) and discovered some changes. A new category had been added to the list of outstanding seniors, right next to Most Likely to Succeed: Most Gentlemanly and Most Ladylike. Even more impressive was the fact that Homecoming Queen candidates are no longer escorted by their dates but by their *fathers*. What is the land of John Dewey and Abbie Hoffman coming to?

Now some pessimists or writers for *Oui* magazine may scoff, but I don't think this is insignificant. Wait until these kids start running the schools, the businesses, the press, and yes, the government. So you persevere, Mr. Buckley, you may be past your half-century mark, but stay away from saccharin and hot hamburgers and you'll see the establishment of an Honorable America.

Sincerely,
Steven D. Collier
Decatur, Ga.
—WFB



Lowry, Punch

Rothco

"This is the most blatantly absurd attempt to deceive Western observers that I've ever seen."

PRACTICALLY ALL generalizations about "terrorists" and "terrorism" are false. There is not even, to begin with, a clear, accepted definition of "terrorist."

2. One of the frequently heard generalizations: Terrorism develops in a nation where there is a dictatorial government that suppresses all peaceful means for the people to express grievances and dissent. It is true that under some dictatorial and authoritarian regimes there has been a good deal of terrorism. However, the most conspicuous terrorist activity of the moment is occurring in Italy, a country the government of which can scarcely function, much less dictate. Active, bloody terrorism goes on year after year under the British government, one of the world's most democratic. There is more, not less, terrorism in Spain since the switch to democratic ways. However, there was virtually no terrorism in Nazi Germany, and little in Fascist Italy once Mussolini consolidated his regime. There is no terrorism (apart from what may be called official terrorism) in Communist states.

3. If a regime is historically and morally authoritative (whether or not authoritarian), is legitimate in the eyes of the people, and expresses a genuine consensus, then there obviously will be no terrorism except for occasional acts of psychotic individuals. But that is not much more than a tautology. In today's world there are few authoritative regimes. Most countries are fertile ground for terrorism.

4. The terrorist, like the criminal, is an *outlaw*; he operates outside of and contrary to the law. The ordinary criminal may also be a terrorist: *vide* the professional Italian kidnappers. But the criminal, though he breaks the law, does not deny it. The ideological terrorist (of the Baader-Meinhof, Red Brigades, Weatherman, IRA type) denies the validity of the law, and thus does not look on his acts as crimes or himself as a criminal. Through the influence of his ideology he persuades others, also, to see him not as a criminal but as a freedom fighter, martyr, or hero.

5. Many people believe ideological

terrorists are insane. Unless, like the Soviets, we *define* anti-social behavior as a form of insanity, this judgment is another false generalization. Many terrorists captured in recent years have been examined at length by doctors who attest not merely to their sanity but to their exceptional abilities, coherent motivation, and self-control.

6. The non-fascist ideologies adopted by terrorists are transnational. In an epoch favorable to terrorism, like the present, this transnationalism leads to close international ties and partial fusion, as has repeatedly emerged in operations of the Red Brigades, Palestinian terrorists, Japanese Red Army, German Baader-Meinhof gang, South American groups, and even the IRA.

The Global Dimension

7. Official (Moscow) Communists declare themselves against "individual terror." What this means is that they maintain a monopoly of terror in Communist nations and seek to guide and control terrorist operations elsewhere. Covert KGB and Communist support of many of the terrorist organizations through money, weapons, training, etc., as well as KGB infiltration, is well documented.

8. The terrorists have learned to use the global media as their communications and publicity apparatus. If all mention of terrorists were banned from the media, they would instantly be reduced to a minor nuisance.

9. The statistics for recent years show about three thousand bombings a year in the U.S., along with a variety of kidnappings, hostage-takings, and hundreds of acts of arson that are in fact terrorist. Though many of these actions are by amateurs, they show a promising source of recruits for serious organizations.

10. Three factors suggest that there will be a major terrorist assault in the United States before long. First, the U.S., as the heartland of imperialism, corruption, exploitation, etc., is the most attractive, spectacular, and decisive target. A successful assault in the U.S. would have profound global

repercussions, and would lift the global terrorist offensive to a higher historical phase. Second, the brilliant, large-scale, beautifully coordinated performance of the Red Brigades in the Moro project will have strengthened the terrorists' confidence that they are now able to handle a U.S. strike.

Our Turn Coming?

11. Third is the fact that for the past five years the U.S. has been stripping away its organizational, legal, and ideological defenses against terrorism. Without exception, every person who has any acquaintance with terrorism understands that such forms of underground, cell-structured, non-nationalist, absolutely disciplined organizations can be successfully combatted only with the help of counter-actions that intersect the terrorist universe: secret surveillance, wiretaps, mail checks, computerized files of millions of persons throughout the world, secret communications with counter-terrorist agencies in other nations, informers, infiltration, under certain circumstances even (many persons experienced in counter-terrorism would contend) torture or assassination. Effective use of such methods has been made impossible on the grounds that they violate due process, privacy, and democratic rights in general. This unilateral disarmament of U.S. counter-terrorist agencies has reached a point at which serious counter-terrorist agencies (British, French, Israeli, Belgian, West German) will no longer give U.S. agencies the full cooperation necessary in what is by its nature a global struggle.

12. The dilemma here is inescapable. In a period like ours, when terrorism flourishes on a mass (and rising) scale, a nation cannot both defend itself successfully against terrorism and at the same time enjoy in full measure the rights and privileges of democratic citizenship. Perhaps we'll begin thinking this dilemma through when, maybe sooner than we think, a senator, governor, Vice President, or member of the Joint Chiefs is given Moro's role in a replay of the Red Brigades' scenario. □

ELECTION PROSPECT

*Will the South remain Carter country? The elections
this fall will be the first major test of whether
Carter's Southern-style democracy has reversed a trend
that began a quarter-century ago in the South*

The Southern Strategy since Carter

HASTINGS WYMAN JR.

IN 1966 IN RURAL Georgia, a young, attractive, and wealthy graduate of one of the nation's military academies was planning the next decade: 1966—get elected governor of Georgia, receive national publicity for defeating a well-known racist; 1968—become the vice presidential candidate, adding Southern balance to the national ticket; 1976—get elected President of the United States, the first Southerner (LBJ was a self-proclaimed Westerner) in over a century.

Give or take a strategy, it could have been Jimmy Carter. But it was Republican "Bo" Callaway, and his best laid plans never got past Phase I—Phase I being secretly to set up Lester Maddox of axe-handle fame as his opponent. The rest is history, and today a different Georgian—young, attractive, wealthy, and a Democrat—sits in the White House.

Whether President Jimmy Carter will be renominated and re-elected in 1980 could well be affected by election results in Southern states this fall. Those elections will be the first major test of whether President Carter's Southern-style democracy has reversed the past quarter-century's political trends in the South.

In 1944, the Democratic Party carried all 11 states of the old Confederacy, as it had done more or less regularly since the Civil War. The Dixiecrats under Strom Thurmond broke the ice in 1948. Ike took Strom's votes and then some into the GOP in 1952. From that point on the Republican Party began a steady climb in the South, adding another governor, a senator, and a handful of congressmen every two years. Lyndon Johnson's Texas heritage

and George Wallace's redneck populism caused setbacks, but both proved temporary. The march toward the standard of the Grand Army of the Republicans ended in Richard Nixon's carrying every single Southern state in 1972.

In 1976, the one hundredth anniversary of the South's liberation from a Republicanism imposed from without, every Southern state save Virginia returned to the Democratic fold.

GOP Prospects

"If Jimmy Carter had been from Wyoming, Ford would have carried the hell out of the South. Carter is a temporary phenomenon," says Charles Black, Campaign Director of the Republican National Committee. "The future of the party in the South is great. Watergate hit us harder in the South in '74 than in any region—wiped us out locally. Then, the Carter phenomenon—we were delayed a decade, maybe, but long-term, things are looking up."

"The GOP aligned itself with Thurmond—not Carter. This guaranteed a short-lived Republican resurgence," says Bill Sweeney, Executive Director of the House Democratic Campaign Committee.

What will happen in the South in November can only be conjectured at this point. However, there are already indications—the elections in 1977, the number of Republican challengers gearing up to run, the number of Republican incumbents with token opposition—that Jimmy Carter's Presidency has not radically changed the course of

Southern politics. President Carter has, however, revitalized the Southern Democrats' once sagging spirits. The reversal of previous Republican progress in Georgia, Alabama, and Arkansas, and to a lesser extent in Florida, South Carolina, and Tennessee, points to a strong future for a Carter-style coalition of blacks and moderate whites.

The 1978 campaigns may also set a welcome record for an absence of black-baiting rhetoric in Southern politics. There do not appear to be any racially polarizing issues this year. The Carter Justice Department's brief in the Bakke case—a case involving racial balance—is not inflaming the electorates of either race, or either party. Reaction to the issue of compliance with civil-rights directives at the college level is so far moderate and localized.

Southern whites of both parties appear to be enjoying their newly won status as part of the Union. Democrats are staying away from schoolhouse doors. Republicans, with prodding from National Committee Chairman Bill Brock, are no longer handing the Democrats all of the black vote as a bloc. And in fact, GOP efforts to win a share of the black vote have met with some success in Louisiana, North Caro-

Born in Aiken, South Carolina, Mr. Wyman served as Southern field representative for the Republican National Committee during 1966-67 and as legislative assistant to Senator Strom Thurmond from 1967 to 1973. From 1973 to 1975, he was speechwriter to Secretary of Commerce Fred Dent. He is currently a writer for a trade association in Washington.

lina, and Virginia. Whether Republicans and blacks can resolve what each side has seen in the past as tensions between conservative ideology and black aspirations remains to be seen.

Republican gains in the South this fall will probably be modest, respectable but hardly startling, especially if, as many expect, Republicans nationwide reap the usual off-year gains. Of ten Southern senators up for re-election, five are Republicans, five Democrats. A serious contest appears to be developing for only one of the Democratic seats. There will be very competitive races for four of the five Republican Senate seats, with Republicans favored in at least three, maybe all five. Seven governorships will be decided, of which six are now Democratic, one Republican. The GOP has a shot at three, maybe four. The congressional picture, while less clear this early, indicates a Republican gain of four or five Southern seats, excluding Texas; possibly another four or five if GOP prospects in Texas pan out.

The Symbol Retires

For the time being, both Republicans and Democrats have workable Southern strategies, to the delight of their respective constituents. State by state, this fall's contests shape up this way:

Alabama: Democrat George Wallace, who has dominated this state's politics for nearly two decades, surprised observers by withdrawing from the race for the Senate seat of John Sparkman, who is retiring. This leaves former Alabama Supreme Court Chief Justice Howell T. Heflin (a nephew of the populist figure Tom Heflin) as the leading Democrat. Also in the race are State Senators Donald Stewart and John Baker. Republicans so far have planned only token—if any—efforts to win the Senate seat or the governorship. If any congressional districts change party hands, it is more likely to be Republican incumbents who will lose out.

Arkansas: "When Winthrop Rockefeller went," says one GOP insider, "it all disappeared." Republican Congressman John Paul Hammerschmidt, whose name is routinely mispronounced by Razorback Democrats, is regarded as safe, at least until new districts are drawn in 1980. Republicans do not

foresee fielding candidates for the seat of the late Democratic Senator John McClellan; all the action will be among the Democrats: Governor Pryor, and Congressmen Tucker and Thornton. The Democrats are expected to retain the governorship and both congressional seats.

Florida: There is no Senate contest this year. The governor's race features six Democrats and two Republicans in their respective primaries. Two congressional districts may be interesting: former Republican Senator Ed Gurney will try a comeback in the Ninth District, since GOP incumbent Lou Frey is running for governor. And in the 14th District, in Dade County, a young Cuban lawyer named Al Cardenas, a Republican, has been registering Cubans—who make up a third of the district—in an effort to unseat liberal Democrat Claude Pepper.

Georgia: In Carter's home state, the days of Callaway went thataway. Republicans will not be making a contest for either incumbent Democrat Sam Nunn's Senate seat or the governorship. The GOP might possibly break the Democrats' monopoly on the state's congressional delegation by electing Newt Gingrich to replace the retiring Ethics Committee Chairman, Democrat Jack Flynt. Gingrich twice received 48 per cent of the vote against Flynt in the Sixth District, once with Carter at the top of the ticket. Betty Talmadge, ex-wife of Senator Herman Talmadge (D., Ga.) is making a well-publicized run for this seat also.

Louisiana: A Republican surge continues in Louisiana. A third GOP congressman—Bob Livingston in the First District—was elected in a special election in 1977. Democrat Joe Waggonner is retiring in the Fourth District, and Democrat Jerry Huckaby's race was close in the Fifth District in 1976, giving the GOP two targets this year. Senator Bennett Johnston, Democrat, is probably safe, but Republicans will be aiming for the governorship in 1979. One caveat for Republican candidates: Democratic Governor Edwards' new "open primary" law was designed to throttle the GOP threat. It will get its first test in November.

Mississippi: Veteran Democrat James Eastland's decision not to seek re-election has made 1978 a big political year in Mississippi. Seven Democrats are vy-

ing to succeed "Big Jim"; there will be a primary June 6, with a runoff June 27. The leaders are Governor Cliff Finch, the front-runner; former Governor William Waller, who announced he was running before Eastland announced he was not; former District Attorney Maurice Dantin, rumored to be Eastland's choice. Former Lieutenant Governor Charles Sullivan, a three-time loser for the governorship, is now trying for a comeback. State Senator Charles Pickering, a strong Reagan supporter in 1976, will face Fourth District Congressman Thad Cochran in the first statewide Republican primary in Mississippi. Fayette mayor and civil rights activist Charles Evers is running as an independent, which could be a significant factor in the general election. The leading candidate to succeed the Republican Cochran in Congress is Democrat John Hampton Stennis, son of Senator John Stennis. Two Republicans, Cochran aide John Hinson and stockbroker Gray Jackson, would like a chance to try to hold the seat for the GOP. Conservative Republican Roland Byrd will go against Second District Democrat David Bowen, who is thought to be a little liberal, by Mississippi standards.

North Carolina: Republican Jesse "I am Senator No" Helms appears comfortably ahead in his re-election bid. Democrat Luther Hodges Jr., son of Kennedy's Commerce Secretary, is favored to defeat Insurance Commissioner John Ingram in the May 30 primary runoff; the winner there will have the honor of trying to knock off the conservative stalwart. Richard Viguerie's fund-raising on Helms's behalf is said to be highly successful, and the Panama Canal Treaty hands Helms an issue he helped exploit successfully for Ronald Reagan in the state's GOP primary in 1976.

The TV Man

Republican fortunes have declined dramatically in North Carolina from just a few years ago. But the GOP expects to hold on to its two congressional seats, and is mounting strong challenges in the 11th and 12th Districts. In the Fifth District—Republican "Vinegar Bend" Mizell's old seat, now held by Democrat Steve Neal—Hamilton

Horton is preparing what Republicans consider to be a strong bid.

South Carolina: The national spotlight will be on former Harvard quarterback Charles "Pug" Ravenel's challenge to Senator Strom Thurmond, a veteran Republican described by one Democratic insider as "one of the most thorough, effective politicians God ever created." Thurmond—well-organized, well-financed, and campaigning hard with the help of four children aged six years and under—is regarded as an early favorite. Democrat Ravenel knows how to come on strong at the end: in the 1974 Democratic gubernatorial primary, illiterates getting assistance at the polls often asked to have their votes cast for "the TV man."

Goodbye Blanton?

Governor Jim Edwards, a popular conservative Republican, could probably succeed himself if the law allowed. As it is, the Democratic primary features former Congressman Bryan Dorn trying again for the governorship; Lieutenant Governor Brantley Harvey, the favorite; and Richard Riley, Carter's former campaign manager in the state, and some say Carter's choice. State Senator Tom Turnipseed, ex-Wallace aide turned populist, has withdrawn from the race. Two Republicans, Tax Commissioner Raymond Finch and former congressman Ed Young, both of whom are close to Governor Edwards, are competing for the GOP nomination. Young is probably the favorite, and, depending on the outcome of the Democratic primary, might have a chance.

The GOP could gain one congressional seat—in the Fourth District, where Democrat James Mann is retiring. State Senator Carroll Campbell is up for the Republicans; it will be Greenville Mayor Max Heller or State Representative Nick Theodore for the Democrats.

Tennessee: Democratic Governor Ray Blanton has messed up so badly that even some Democrats think the Republicans might recapture the governorship. Blanton may run again in an already crowded field since his amendment to allow himself to do so passed in a referendum on March 7. Lamar Alexander—who got 46 per cent

against Blanton in 1974—is the favorite to win the GOP primary against Memphis legislator Harold Sterling. Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker may not even have Democratic opposition. Democrat Clifford Allen may be vulnerable in the Fifth District, but the outlook is for the congressional line-up to remain five Democrats, three Republicans.

Texas Eyes the GOP

Texas: "Thirty million dollars will be spent in Texas politics this year," estimates one observer. "John Tower's budget is \$5 million," says another. Senator Tower is running hard. Democratic Congressman Bob Krueger defeated Insurance Commissioner Bill Christie in the Democratic primary for Tower's Senate seat. Maverick conservative Hank Grover has announced he'll run as an independent; he will probably siphon off some of Tower's votes.

The governor's race is also hotly contested. Democratic incumbent Dolph Briscoe was defeated in a close primary race against the Democratic Attorney General, John Hill. Bill Clements, ex-Deputy Secretary of Defense, beat the former state GOP chairman Ray

Hutchinson in the Republican gubernatorial primary.

Six incumbent Democratic congressmen will not be running for re-election. These seats, plus several vulnerable incumbents, give Texas Republicans good chances for gains this year.

Virginia: The Old Dominion State's big political news came last year: Republican John Dalton was able to hold the governorship for the GOP, the third time in a row for Virginia Republicans.

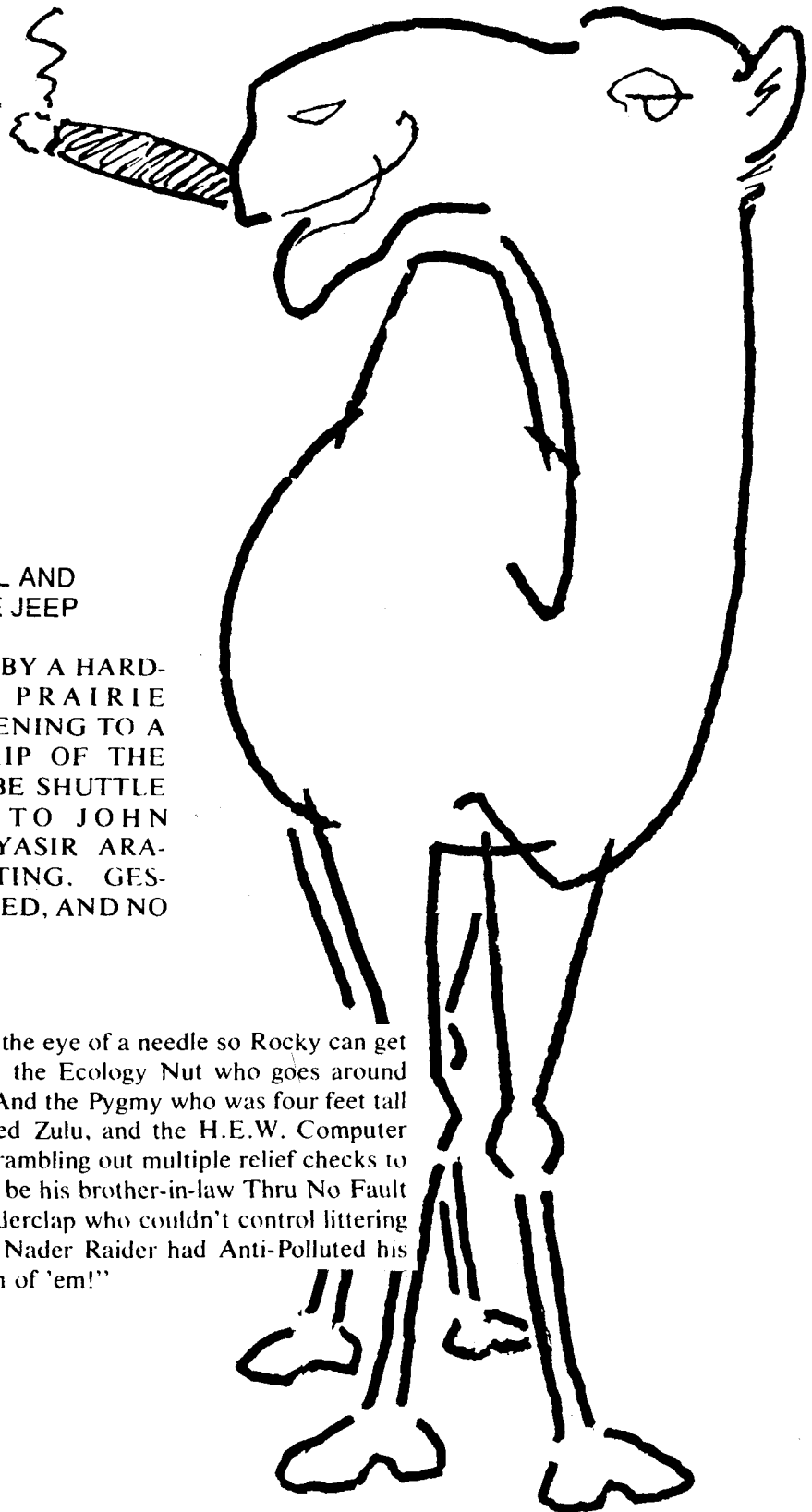
In 1978, the big news is the publicity surrounding Republican John Warner's efforts to win the U.S. Senate nomination. He is making a very strong bid against former party chairman and staunch conservative Dick Obenshain. Obenshain may be having trouble persuading delegates to the June nominating convention of his electability. Former Governor Linwood Holton has his "liberal" (for Virginia) reputation to combat. The leading Democrat is Andrew Miller, who was edged out by Henry Howell in last year's gubernatorial primary. It will be an interesting contest.

The only House seat that looks in doubt is Democrat Herb Harris' Eighth District seat. He has primary opposition, as well as three Republicans vying for the chance to replace him. □



"What a pity you didn't apply earlier. We've already filled our quota for A- students."

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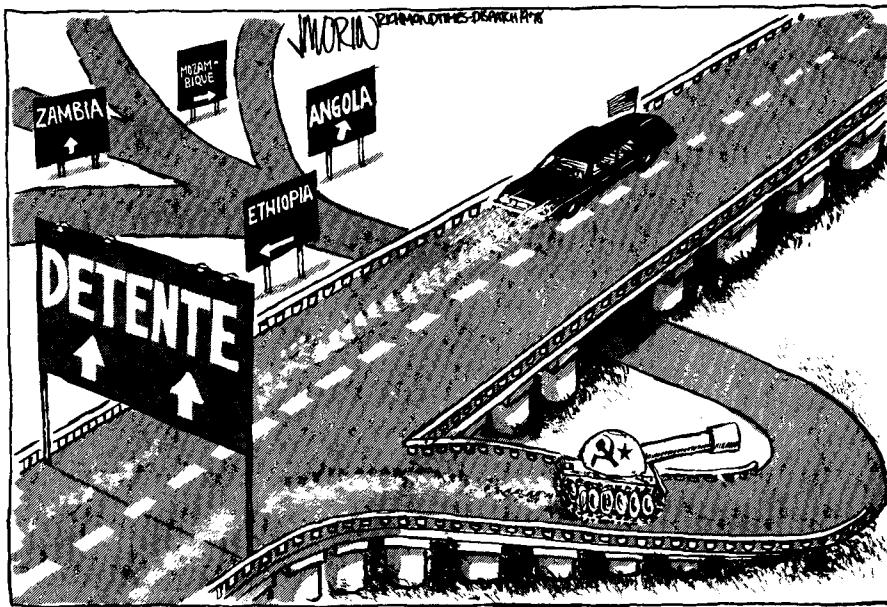


THE DROLL AND
VERSATILE JEEP

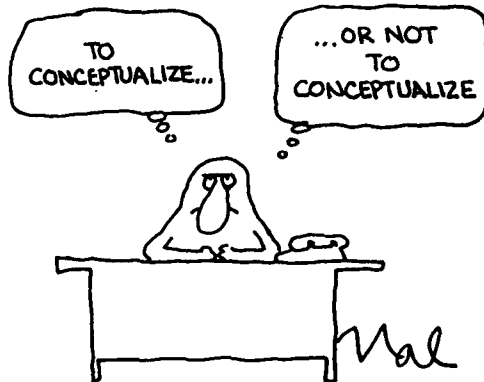
(AS VISUALIZED BY A HARD-
OF-HEARING PRAIRIE
SCHOONER LISTENING TO A
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DESERT DESCRIBE SHUTTLE
DIPLOMACY TO JOHN
WAYNE, WITH YASIR ARA-
FAT INTERPRETING. GES-
TURES PROHIBITED, AND NO
END IN SIGHT)

"I just volunteered to go thru the eye of a needle so Rocky can get into Heaven! And how about the Ecology Nut who goes around Preserving Our Avalanches? And the Pygmy who was four feet tall only in the eyes of the Bigoted Zulu, and the H.E.W. Computer Scrambler reprimanded for scrambling out multiple relief checks to a subscriber who happened to be his brother-in-law Thru No Fault Of His Own, and Chief Thunderclap who couldn't control littering on the reservation because a Nader Raider had Anti-Polluted his Smoke Signals? I got a million of 'em!"

From Authorized Pre-"Edited" version of *The Boggle*, by John Kreuttner.



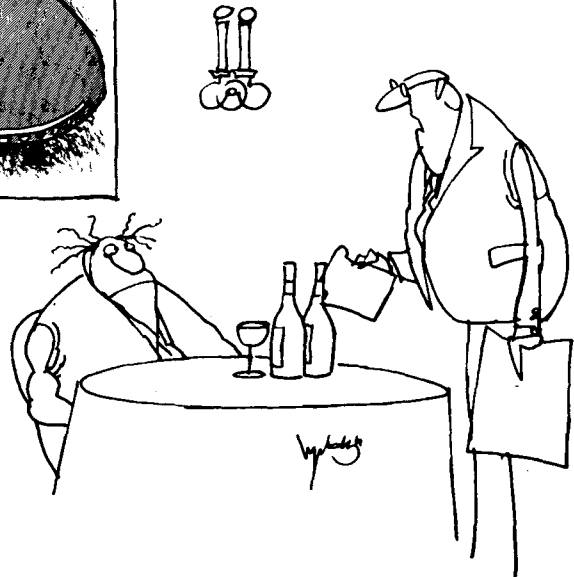
"DETENTE IS AT A CROSSROADS." — PRAVDA



The Blight That Failed

She'd had so many pups, our pet,
We saw we'd have to ask the vet
To take her in and fix her up.
But when she then produced a pup
We knew the slip the vet had made:
He hadn't called a spayed a spayed.

CORINNA MARSH



"... Would you like a little dinner with your wine?"



If I Were Pope...

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

IF I WERE TO find myself Pope (an improbable eventuality, since I recently celebrated my fiftieth wedding anniversary, and am not a Roman Catholic), the first thing I should do would be to go into retreat in the nearest thing to a wilderness to be found in the Vatican precincts. This would probably turn out to be Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence.

In retreat I should meditate upon the Church's extraordinary survival through the twenty centuries of Christendom despite every sort of abomination committed by, or under the auspices of, my predecessors, taking due account of Hilaire Belloc's piquant observation that the Church must enjoy God's special protection since otherwise, in view of the manner in which, and by whom, its affairs have been conducted, it would long ago have foundered and disappeared from history.

A Precondition

I should also meditate upon the Church's present circumstances, so full of confusion, strife, and lunacy following Pope John's Vatican Council and the amazing decision resulting therefrom to have another Reformation, just when the former one—Luther's—seemed finally to have run into the sand.

I should hope to have Mother Teresa and some of her Sisters of Charity with me at my retreat, her cooperation having been a precondition of my accepting the pontifical appointment in the first place. It is not her style to proffer advice, but I should find her presence and prayers enormously reassuring, and should try to persuade her to take over part of the Vatican for one of her Houses. Her extraordinary influence and

clarification are conveyed, not so much by words or exhortation, as by the love she radiates, shining out from her visibly, like light.

Also, I should look to the Sisters to take care of my domestic arrangements, thereby ensuring that, in accordance with the rigorously followed rule of their Order, my way of life would be abstemious, though not, I fear, like theirs.

This, however, would not involve stripping the Vatican and St. Peter's of their embellishments, which belong to the Church's splendid artistic heritage, and give delight to many. Indeed, I should set my face very resolutely against suggestions of this kind.

After all, it was the moneychangers, not the ornaments, that Jesus flung out of the Temple, and the rich young man was instructed to get rid of his own private possessions and give the proceeds to the poor, not to take it upon himself to dispose of public treasures.

When Mother Teresa opens a new House, the room chosen to be the chapel alone has any fine furnishings that may be available; it is, she insists, for the Lord, and so deserves whatever may be available to glorify it. Let it never be forgotten that it was Judas

who raised an objection when expensive ointment was poured over Jesus' head—a point I might well make and expound in one of my addresses, if not an encyclical (*Ut Quid Perditio Haec*).

My first venture when I returned from the wilderness would be to re-issue *Humanae Vitae* in a greatly simplified form, reinforcing its essential point that any form of artificial contraception is inimical to the Christian life.

Admittedly (I should go on to explain), this prohibition had proved too severe for many, perhaps most, Roman Catholics, as had the Church's earlier prohibition of usury, but it remained abundantly clear that the divorce of eroticism from its purpose, which is procreation, and its condition, which is lasting love, consequent upon the practice of artificial contraception, was proving increasingly disastrous to marriage and the family.

Venite, Adoremus

I should ask those Catholics—and there are more than might be supposed—who have had the spiritual insight and resolution to abide by *Humanae Vitae*, to manifest their existence, maybe by wearing a special badge, like motorists who have passed an advanced driving test.

Next, I should suspend the prohibition of the Tridentine Mass and the traditional Latin liturgy, which would thenceforth be permissible whenever and wherever there was an appreciable demand for it. The disco-style vernacular worship, with its sadly banal words, which has come to take the place of the traditional liturgy would be allowed to go on, but I should secretly hope that, as fashions changed, it might wither away.

In any case, I should leave it to my successors, after an appropriate experimental period, to take decisions on a regulation form of worship for all Catholic churches. I might well, however, put out an encyclical (*Venite, Adoremus*) on the subject of worship, pointing out that essential requirements for the form used are that, in an ever-changing world, it should convey a sense of permanence, and, in a world largely given over to the transient pursuits of Time, a sense of Eternity.

Thus, of all activities, worship should be the least preoccupied with contem-
(Continues on page 735)



Mr. Muggeridge is the author of the autobiographical *Chronicles of Wasted Time*. This article is reprinted from *The Times* (London) with permission.

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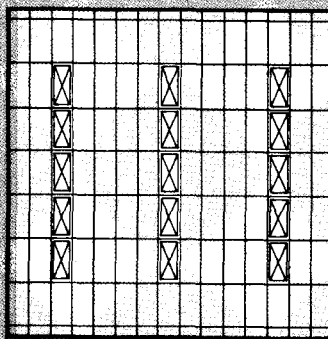
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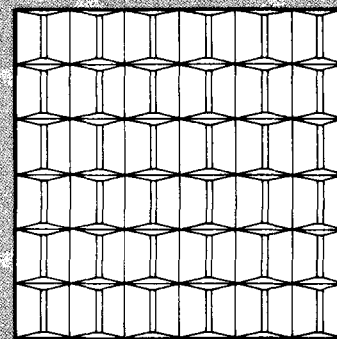
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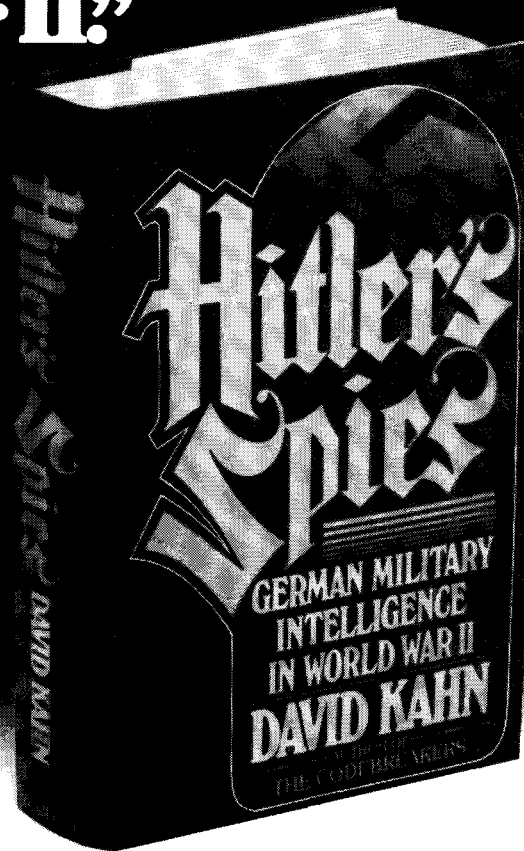
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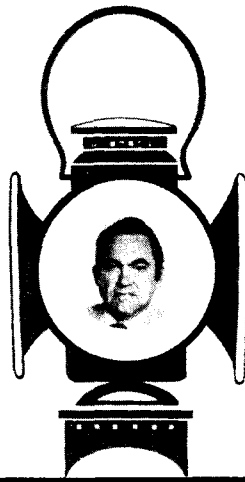
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German Military
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To the Nashville Station

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

FOR AMERICAN LIBERALS, George Wallace's meteoric rise to national prominence in 1962 was the greatest public relations windfall since the Hoover Administration. Wallace's defiance from the schoolhouse door of Deputy Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, followed by his denunciations of integrationists, professors, social planners, and welfare mothers, provided rich fodder for people intent on proving that the true conservative had gone the way of the Great Auk, abandoning—by a process of devolution—the earth to a species of “pseudo-conservatives.” These pseudo-conservatives, the publicists divided into two types: honest redneck and social-climber. The rednecks were the Wallaceites. The social-climbers read Edmund Burke and Russell Kirk on the front porch evenings, before turning in to suffer nightmare visions of starving kids being rescued from tenements in the nick of time by HEW agents.

Yet the record shows that the people whom George Nash writes about in his monumental book *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America: Since 1945*, were honestly repelled by Wallace's sort of “conservatism.” NATIONAL REVIEW generally treated the Governor as a demagogue who—almost by chance—occasionally strung a sensible social insight on the thread of an intelligible sentence. On the eve of the national election in 1968, NR ran a piece by Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio entitled “And Anyway Is Wallace a Conservative?” in which the Congressman reminded his readers of a few plain facts. As a member of the Alabama legislature Wallace voted for every pedigreed liberal measure that came along, and as Governor he kept his snout assiduously in the public trough. In the State House, he played fast and loose with constitutional government, using his wife to surmount the legal prohibition against a second consecutive term, and denying the Negroes of Alabama their constitutional rights. In 1970 NR ran an editorial calling Wallace “an undesirable: a flagitious demagogue who, when in office, combined a skillful appeal to populist emotions with egregious welfare-statism”—even as it duly noted that his presidential candidacy had had the good effect of forcing Richard Nixon to the right.

Nevertheless, it is certain that conservatives' regard for the so-called “populist-conservatives” increased during Nixon's time in office. The obstreperous counterculture of the Sixties remained sufficiently exuberant to constitute a standing offense, yet its decline was marked enough to stimulate hopes of its eventual rout as the economic recession damp-

ened spontaneity in Sproul Plaza, and the White House filled up with Mantovani records and Billy Graham prayer break-fasters. Meanwhile, the blue-collars and white ethnics grew restive and acquired a spokesman, Professor Michael Novak, who denounced radical chic and demanded that Rego Park, Queens, be given equal time to talk back to Harlem and Harvard Square. Also, the Sunbelt—natural habitat of economic man and total woman—continued to increase in population, capital, and belligerence.

Thus American conservatives were ripe for the plucking when in 1969 a young White House aide named Kevin Phillips published *The Emerging Republican Majority*, in which he argued that an abiding Republican hegemony could be achieved by drawing together social and economic conservatives, Wallaceites, and the *nouveaux-riches* of the Neiman-Marcus Belt, in one vast coalition. Such a coalition, said Phillips, would be more than a match electorally for the constituencies of the media, the bureaucracy, and academia which, in combination, he dubbed the “New Class,” heir to the economic and political powers exercised for generations by the old establishment of big business and the law.

IF THEY FOUND *The Emerging Republican Majority* heady stuff, many conservative strategists discovered in Phillips' second book, *Mediocracy*, disquieting confirmation of something they had long suspected. Of course, everyone recognized that the New Class—the “anti-capitalist, non-producing verbalists”—is the natural enemy of the Old Right, as of the New. But it was Phillips' contention that, as the independent economic sphere has become ever more narrowly circumscribed, the Old Right has grown increasingly reliant upon what he calls “intellectual and non-economic concerns.” Accordingly, it has compromised principles which were in any event thereby revealed to have been more establishmentarian than conservative: faced with what it was quick to regard as as a *fait accompli* in American society, it abandoned itself to the impure doctrine of the corporate welfare state. Phillips was not especially tactful in explaining how this development had come about. Traditional conservatives, he said, have never had much sympathy for ordinary folk: as plutocrats—or apologists for plutocrats—and as gentlemen scholars and wise men they have earned a reputation for being as disdainful of The Peepul as are the liberal technocrats they despise. If conservatism could divest itself of its lounge-lizard

intellectualism and its robber-baron politics, Phillips suggested, it could operate as a powerful anti-liberal engine. And if the Republican Party could slough off its country-club image and make itself appealing to a grass-roots constituency, there might be no limit to its usefulness as a vehicle for the propagation of that conservatism.

The more the brothers on the Old Right pondered Phillips' argument, the more, in their eagerness to confound this New Class, they quietly abandoned their plaint against "the revolt of the masses"—a theme which has enthralled conservative critics in this century, ranging from Eliot to Mencken—and began trying to appreciate the cultural norms of Middle America, with an eye to grabbing off the political capital locked within it. "I am not alone," wrote James Burnham in "Notes on Authority, Morality, Power" (*NR*, Dec. 1, 1970), "in finding, or feeling, when I get out of cities like New York and into the vast hinterland . . . that things are not so bad after all, that it's a great country as we always said, and Americans a marvelous people." "Middle America," wrote Frank Meyer the following year, "is the last heir of Western civilization."

HOWEVER, SYMPATHY WITH the New American Majority requires a feeling of solidarity with honest denim jackets as well as with respectable cloth coats. This fact William Rusher attempted to explain to the genteel conservatives. "There have been times," he wrote in 1975 in *The Making of the New Majority Party*, "and there may be again, when most Americans rather enjoyed being patronized by slumming patricians with a flair for politics; but this is assuredly not one of them." The following year Rusher reinforced that warning in his introduction to the most vituperative populist-conservative tract to date: *A Plague on Both Your Houses*, by Robert Whitaker, professor of politics and economics at the University of South Carolina. "Of our proposed allies," said Rusher, delicately but pointedly, ". . . I knew a fair amount by way of reputation and rumor, but practically nothing by way of direct contact. I had no populist friends—we agreed on many things, but simply didn't run in the same social circles." Whitaker's book—which consists of a series of violent attacks upon the liberal and conservative establishments, both of which Whitaker regards as intolerably elitist—received a rave review in *NR* at the hands of Professor Jeffrey Hart, the Alexander Pope scholar.

So the populist-conservatism of Phillips and Whitaker is winning far more sympathy from the Old Right in the Seventies than ever it enjoyed in the Sixties when it spoke in the accents of George Wallace. No doubt this is owing in part to the fact that the contemporary populist-conservative leaders do not engage in black-baiting; no doubt in part also to the tempting success of President Carter's delicately orchestrated campaign of beer, grits, baptismal water, and STP.

Whatever the reason, much of the Old Right appears to be fast relinquishing its earlier suspicion that the New Right is at bottom inimical to much that conservatives have defended and sought to nourish. It seems far longer ago than 1968 that Frank Meyer, writing in his regular space in *NATIONAL REVIEW*, assayed the significance of the Wallace movement for American conservatism. The problem, said Meyer, is that conservatism in the postwar era is represented by an amal-

gam of numerous diverse groups, each of which opposes the liberals for "limited and particular" reasons of its own. These groups are constantly at odds with one another—and yet, said Meyer wonderingly, when their members go sniping across factional lines they find themselves accused of the heresy of fighting anti-liberals! "What such criticism ignores," he observed, "is that there are other dangers to conservatism and to the civilization conservatives are defending than the Liberal Establishment, and that to fight liberalism without guarding against these dangers runs the risk of ending in a situation as bad as or worse than the present one." Populism is part of the anti-liberal coalition solely because the arrogance and elitism of modern liberalism is the polar opposite of populist egalitarianism. "But the political opposite of a political perversion is not necessarily itself a good."

II.

In 1955 Peter Viereck, the conservative historian, wrote an essay that wound up in Daniel Bell's *The Radical Right*, a work which became a perennial Book-of-the-Month selection of the Vital Center Club. Viereck's article, entitled "The Revolt against the Elite," was a patrician condemnation of Senator Joseph McCarthy and his followers. Social critics of the past quarter-century have made much of status rivalries in the democratic U.S.A., and Viereck was in the vanguard. McCarthyism, he wrote, was little more than the effluvium of a gang of resentful proletarians confused and angered by a society which had permitted them to attain to a state of material affluence incommensurate with their social status and influence. These McCarthyites, Viereck claimed, were drawn mainly from "unmellowed plebeian Western wealth . . . and their enormous, gullible mass base: the nationalist alliance between the sticks and the slums, between hick Protestant mentalities in the West . . . and the South Boston mentalities in the East." The chief desire of these people was not to



extirpate Communism from the American body politic but to revenge themselves by humiliating and, eventually, subjugating the American ruling classes, the "Eastern, educated, mellowed wealth—internationalist and at least superficially liberalized." As the New American Majority theorists proceed with the job of identifying likely recruits, it appears that they are mustering Professor Viereck's resentful proletariat into the ranks.

The New Majority theorists distinguish between "economic conservatives" and "social conservatives," between people who wish to be left in peace to cultivate and enjoy the fruits of their labor and people who have a powerful sense of traditional mores and wish to see them reflected in the American polity. The former are a hugely important part of the New Majority equation: as Rusher says, economic conservatism is in demographic terms "virtually coextensive with the American middle class, and displays a substantial degree of penetration into upper and lower economic strata as well." Because Phillips believes that there are plenty of disaffected Old Right types—"John O'Hara's Packard and Princeton-alumni suburbia"—who refuse to do a bad bargain with the welfare state, he is eager to enlist them in order to effect the necessary reconciliation between the "prescriptions of traditional economic conservatism" and the "necessities of blue-collar America." But there are more rednecks than Princeton alumni; and so the New Majority pheromones exude a beery odor better suited to attracting Kiwanis than Yale Phi Bet's.

THE POPULIST-CONSERVATIVE, in other words, is strongly biased toward the lower middle classes, both urban and provincial, and willing to inflame their prejudices by flattering their customs and tastes. He plays, for instance, to the regional resentments of the heartlander, whose anger the American Northeast has excited since the day in the eighteenth century when frontiersmen, in defiance of British regulations of settlement promulgated in the wake of Pontiac's Rebellion, first slouched down the Western slopes of the Appalachians. "Whatever has gained fashion and success has focused on the Northeast," writes Phillips in *Mediocracy*, "taken up residence there, imbibed establishment characteristics, and, in the process, influenced local outlook."

And, as the heartlander has always been contemptuous of the Northeasterner's weakness for the refinements of high European culture, it is not surprising to discover that Whitaker and Phillips regard Dallas, Texas as a sweller place than Paris, France. The sensibilities of hothouse establishmentarians Whitaker calls "European, and anachronistic even there"; in the opinion of Pat Buchanan, the syndicated columnist, "The United States was built by men and women who turned their backs on Europe. And in watching the management of Europe's political and economic affairs since, one finds little reason to doubt the original judgment." Buchanan, I suspect, has in mind chiefly Western Europe's surrender to the forces of democratic socialism. But Whitaker is enraged by the very smell of Europe: its aristocratic history, its standards of civilized living. He agrees with Eric Hoffer that Europe is indeed the enemy of the Working Class, and that American conservative intellectuals—"all chic conservatives"—perpetuate the comfortable existence of the Class Enemy

in America. At the very least, the New Majority folk are cultural isolationists.

And they are, as well, profoundly anti-intellectual. Wallace's attacks upon the "pseudo-intellectuals" suggest implicitly that he expects that somewhere, sometime, the genuine article will happen down the pike and will have something of value to say to us. But Phillips demands to have it explained to him what the hell Edmund Burke or Albert Jay Nock ever did for Airport County, Missouri, and lambastes "conservatives whose game it is to quote English poetry and utter neo-Madisonian benedictions over the interests and institutions

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of establishment liberalism." Robert Whitaker invites you to ride over to your nearest college campus, there to observe a portion of "what may be the most costly welfare class on earth." Do four years of a liberal arts education make a better lawyer, a better electrician? Nay, they do not, says Whitaker: so away with this wasteful luxury. "Produce! Produce! Produce!" yelled George Follansbee Babbitt—and Whitaker believes. He puts his trust, not in book-learning, but in what he calls "that greatest of populist assets, common sense." As for Buchanan, it is his considered opinion that "his congenital dissatisfaction with things as they are, his enthusiasm for change, even radical change, makes of the intellectual the natural antagonist of the conservative."

In 1972 Kevin Phillips complained in his column that "NATIONAL REVIEW referred to me as a neo-Marxist for my emphasis on unchanging ideological principles." Phillips has written a good deal about clashes of economic interests, yet it does not appear that economic resentments lie at the root of his dissatisfactions. In this respect he is not to be compared to the original Populists of the 1890s, who were primarily concerned with salting the tails of the Interests and the Monopolies. Yet by 1925—the year of the Scopes Trial in Dayton, Tennessee—the direct political descendants of Sockless Jerry Simpson, Mary Yellin' Lease, and General James B. Weaver were bubbling with socio-cultural grievances; and plainly the New Majoritarians are themselves descendants of the anti-modernists and anti-cosmopolitans whose cause sprang up full of hope and was crushed under heel in Dayton, for all that Bryan "won" his case.

What is more, cultural animosities reflect, just as surely as do economic resentments, class hostility, which becomes quite explicit at times in the New Majority *opera*. Whitaker writes with palpable satisfaction that "Under Henry III, every English yeoman was required to have a longbow, a weapon which could pierce armor and kill an aristocratic knight! Such was his notion of a good citizen." (Such too is the sole notion conceived in Europe over a period of two millennia to have caught Mr. Whitaker's fancy.) As for Kevin Phillips, his distaste for William Buckley as a "chic conservative" derives only secondarily, I suspect, from his perception that honor-

able mention of leading conservative spokesmen in the society column "Suzy Says" alienates potential recruits to the (as yet phantasmal) New Majority. What offends him primarily is that such a thing as a Buckley—Yale-educated, a yachtsman, a harpsichordist—should exist at all.

III.

"One can argue," Kevin Phillips has written, "that conservatism simply cannot operate in a post-industrial economy, because the elite is committed to change . . . and the popular element is inclined to restrain or reject the elite." However, a number of conservatives—most notably William Rusher—who have not broken with the Old Right are eager to accommodate the ideas, prejudices, and interests of Republican conservatives to those of the putative New Right constituency. They are confident that it is in their power to construct a new and potent system of congruent interests so as to produce something that might fairly be described as a conservative party, and thereby redivide the American polity into two broad but sharply distinguished coalitions ("liberal" v. "conservative") to replace the present Democratic and Republican coalitions, which were shaped during the New Deal and have since declined, like aging movie stars, into shapelessness.

The problem with their scheme is that it rests upon a false assumption: that the great national debates of the 1970s are being fought between "liberals" on the "left" and "conservatives" on the "right." In fact the old liberal-conservative antithesis has suffered a *bouleversement* at the hands of an establishment—itsself evolved from the New Deal era—50 per cent of whose reflexes are those of an anti-establishment. The members of this liberal-corporate hierarchy believe in the sway of liberal prejudices and of the sort of "enlightened" person who harbors them. And yet, chief among those liberal prejudices are the beliefs that the enlightened class is also the privileged class, and that privileged people lack the moral authority to govern the underprivileged. Thus our establishmentarians are at once arrogant and guilt-ridden, and seek refuge in an hypocrisy that not only assuages their guilt but permits them to exercise the modicum of authority that they require in order to govern at all. Lacking confidence in the traditional justifications for their own authority, they try to maintain for public consumption the fiction that they are not an "establishment" but rather a cross-section of American society; deny by fits and starts the validity of their own precepts; and vacillate between refusing to exercise the functions and promote the values of an establishment, and performing those functions covertly, behind the door.

The result of this anomalous situation is that the jitney aristocracy of the New Class has forfeited both the respect of those people who—for reasons of philosophy, temperament, or class—have been historically inclined to honor establishments, and the disrespect of those who—for similar reasons—have been inclined to defy them. Consequently, theoretical anti-establishmentarians (liberals, radicals) have become de facto establishmentarians, while theoretical establishmentarians (conservatives) have turned into de facto anti-establishmentarians. Both groups, however, continue to cling to their theories even as they contravene them in practice every time they go to the polling booth, the while tossing

off disingenuous explanations to justify that contravention.

Not surprisingly, this state of things has induced epidemic schizophrenia. The *Commentary* symposium last year which sought to elucidate the questions "What Is a Liberal—Who Is a Conservative?" was not a notable success. For the real question, the very posing of which casts some light, is: *Who is, and who is not, an establishmentarian, in theory as in practice?* And the answer to that one is: not the populist-conservative but the Old Rightist who reveres Burke and votes the Republican ticket. For the classes to which Phillips, Whitaker, and Rusher make their strongest pitch simply do not, for the most part, have it in them to be anything but transiently and strategically conservative at such times as circumstances may favor their conversion. The New American Majority would be like the Populism of the nineteenth century: anti-establishment. It would be as resentful of a dynasty of Adamases as of a dynasty of Mondales.

Seen in this context, one of the most alarming aspects of the populist-conservatives' strategy is the degree to which it corresponds inversely to the machinations of the populist-

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liberals. Consider, for example, Jeff Greenfield and Jaci Newfield's *A Populist Manifesto*, published in 1972. While Phillips and Whitaker argue that conservatism has been nodding over toward liberalism, Greenfield and Newfield insist that liberalism has been bending phototropically toward conservatism. They agree with their populist-conservative opposites that the chief issue today is the domination of the country by an oligarchy composed of liberal establishmentarians and those opportunistic members of the Old Right who unostentatiously chose to switch rather than fight, and that a political majority can be compounded to explode the oligarchy. Like the populist-conservatives also, they accuse postwar liberals of having "helped to confuse sociology with economics, and culture with politics," and berate them for their especially objectionable yen for "technological thinking and operating" and their insistence that "crime is not a real problem." More, they admit forthrightly that "conservatives have been perceptive about such things as . . . the limits human nature places on the abilities of centralized government," and that "conservatives have been right, too, in sensing the country has lost contact with those human values the ethnic workingman prized most: family, hard work, loyalty, endurance."

In other words, populism can go either way—right or left. Like Phillips-Whitaker-Rusher, Greenfield-Newfield expect that their preferred brand will win out by dint of the ability of its natural constituency accurately to identify its best interests and to combine accordingly into a "coalition of self-interest." But unlike the conservatives, who believe that people will discover their most fundamental interests in the social issue, the liberals suppose that economic matters will

prove the driving force in the consolidation of the populist majority.

And who, really, can confidently gainsay them? The citizenry looks conservative, talks conservative, smells conservative—until some hapless politician makes an infelicitous move aimed at canceling certain of its political benefits. Lanny Davis, the liberal-Left's shadow strategist—Kevin Phillips' opposite number—believes that many of the voters who fell for Wallace in 1968 would not have voted for Nixon instead had the Governor stayed out of the race; and he can point for confirmation to a poll taken at the time, in which plenty of Wallaceites named Robert Kennedy as their second choice for President. Today, moreover, we have to ponder the spectacle of Jimmy Carter, a "social conservative" who is also pursuing plans for national health insurance and instituting a public works program. Now that the counter-culture has gone underground, the "old values"—God, family, country—no longer seem all that "conservative." An American Christian Socialist Party may be just around the corner.

The only New Majority writer I know who takes such matters seriously is Pat Buchanan, who observes in his book *Conservative Votes, Liberal Victories* that, while the Wallace people were "the indispensable element in any conservative-Republican strategy in 1976," they are, as well, the primary source of "the neo-populist claptrap about cracking down on the obscene profits of the big boys." But it seems not to have occurred to Phillips that, despite the plausibility of constructing a New Majority coalition which could elect conservative candidates in the short run, there is nevertheless a great risk that populism, having entered conservative politics, might proceed to digest them and go on to minister to the quasi-proletarian constituency that is its sociological base.

IV.

The New Majority critique of the New Class is, for all its vulgar heavy-handedness, not infrequently useful. As such it is attractive to conservatives, who can easily forget that, to Phillips and Whitaker, Jacques Barzun and Charles Reich are equally offensive. The populist resents not only the trendy cosmopolitanism that is a confection of professionalism, commercialism, and middle-brow fashion, but also the high culture of the West that has been aging for centuries in civilized European watering-holes and whose mellow taste offends him at least as much as do the social and cultural crudities of the CCNY faculty lounge, where men come and go, talking of Captain Midnight. In thrall to the New Majority writers' sallies against what Tom Wolfe calls Cultureburg, conservative intellectuals require nowadays to be reminded that the snipers whose marksmanship they applaud are firing from pillboxes stuck into the wasteland of precisely those popular tastes, standards, and prejudices that they themselves once deplored.

Several years ago Kevin Phillips was shocked to discover a number of dark secrets in the life of William F. Buckley Jr. First: that he is listed as a member of "New York's Council on Foreign Relations." Second: that "on his annual Swiss ski-run he is accompanied by none other than John Kenneth Galbraith." Third: that "Buckley is a member of a very pri-



vate luncheon group revolving around top editors of the *New York Times* and *Newsweek*." Fourth: that he has been present at "Bilderberg get-togethers." "So there you are," crowed Phillips: "Big Bill Bilderberger and his very private *New York Times* lunch bunch can no more be relied upon to support a tough-minded *anti-establishment* [my italics] populist-conservatism than the Archbishop of Canterbury could be counted on to collude in an attack on the rites of the Church of England."

Phillips has a point. Liberalism, after all—in the broadest sense of the term—has served for some three hundred years as the matrix of Western thought. It has informed, with different emphases, modern "conservative" and "liberal" thought almost equally: even Pat Buchanan admits that the present enmity between the "intellectual" and the "conservative" has not always existed. Those who are learned in the intellectual traditions of their heritage have much in common, no matter what their views on the invisible hand may be; no matter, that is, at what point their loyalties to the various strands of that heritage diverge. When Buckley and Galbraith contemplate one another on a sunlit slope in Gstaad, each sees in the other a good man gone wrong but one whom he might yet win round—not a sniffish and arrogant pseudo-intellectual, a pariah from the salons of the decent and the common-sensible. The delight that intellectually playful people derive from one another's company does indeed amount to a sort of collusion across ideological lines, and it is precisely this collusion that the populist mind is quick to sense and resent.

In part, the populist's resentment of conservative intellectuals derives from his fear that intellectualism doesn't play in Airport County. "Hell," says Phillips, "Wallace isn't going to hook up with Squire Willy and his Companions of the Oxford Unabridged Dictionary. Nor can we expect Alabama truckdrivers or Ohio steelworkers to sign on with a politics captained by five-syllable-word-pushers." "Just the

thing," he wrote angrily, upon being (falsely) informed that Buckley had added the expensive brains of the ubiquitous Professor Galbraith to the cargo of fine wines with which he he had set sail for Marbella, "conservatism needs to recruit Joe Sixpack!" And Phillips has a point. For democracy is envy patted into constitutional form, like a mudpie; and envy rises instantly into its active phase, like a malarial worm, in an atmosphere of yachtsmen playing Beethoven, reading Chesterton, and drinking Chateau Livran 1,500 miles east of Miami. But Phillips is more than envious, he is unimaginative: it has probably never occurred to him that this particular yachtsman desires not only to raise Joe Sixpack out of his Barcalounger and send him sprinting to picket HEW, but also to cultivate a world which Beethoven might have found compatible with the exercise of his talents and which might permit the intelligences of a significant number of citizens to attain a level sufficiently near that of Chesterton's own as to be able to appreciate his books.

Should conservatives come to think of themselves as fellow-travelers of the neo-populists, many of them could never write another line worth reading

The coalescence of the God-forsaken New Class has made things terribly difficult for the conservative *kultur*ny. The latter have a job to do: that of explaining intelligently an enormous and infinitely fascinating society the explication of which generally falls, by sheer dint of superior numbers, to critics on the Left, a great many of whom are captives to the most absurd cosmogony ever to bamboozle the minds of the learned since an ancient Hindu wise man was inspired to proclaim that the world rests upon the back of a turtle. And yet, for a conservative critic to discuss frankly and honestly the cultural perversions of mass democracy in the West is to risk giving aid and comfort to the enemy, who, by exercise of his all-embracing, all-pervasive "dialectic," treats the vulgarity of a toothpaste commercial as proof positive that the innards of America need to be refitted with a whole new set of machinery.

That is one constraint. The other is the prospect of offending people who, though they are part of the cultural problem—Joe Sixpack, the Neiman-Marcus vulgarians—are also part of the political solution, as the diligent brothers down at the American Conservative Union and elsewhere work to stick them into a political front of anti-liberals singing "We Shall Overcome." As it is, conservative writers have become noticeably more inhibited of late when they sit down at their typewriters. Should they come to think of themselves as fellow-travelers of the neo-populists, doubtless many of them could never again work up the moral self-assurance to write another line worth the reading.

In his excellent book *Nine Lies about America*, Arnold Beichman waxes wroth at the putdowns inflicted by educated liberals upon blue-collar folk. Woody Allen, it seems, said at a posh Lindsay rally that Mario Procaccino was doubtless sitting home that very evening, drinking beer in his

undershirt—the kind with straps—and watching the tube And Gore Vidal, on the *David Susskind Show*, likened America to "a great kindergarten." Well, with all respect to Mr. Beichman, what of it? What is shocking is not that there should lurk such elitists in our midst, but that so many of those elitists should be *liberals*—the very people who publicly insist that all values are relative, all tastes equal, all social differences illusory or, when undeniable, to be politely ignored.

YET, EVERY SOCIETY requires an elite of some sort willing to permit itself similar observations; and inasmuch as conservatives—and *only* conservatives—have never ceased pressing the case for an elite, it looks as if they are elected to make the rude noises. It was Walter Lippmann who defined the main spring of civilization as "an understanding of what is good better, and best in the satisfaction of desire, and a knowledge of the customs, the arts, and the objects which can give those satisfactions." But who save one of Kevin Phillips' "warmed over Von Hapsburgs" publicly defends that proposition to day, or in any event interprets it as something to be put to better intellectual use than as a justification of soup-can art or pornography?

Conservative critics of the American scene have got to feel free to speak their minds, without fear of offending people who vote with them at the polling booth and without regard to charges of snobbery and accusations that they sound like Gore Vidal. Liberals and conservatives very often find themselves giving tongue to the same cultural complaints; the substantive differences between their positions occur less in the diagnosis than in the remedy. *Here* is where liberal and conservative criticisms part company, the former demanding for the renovation of Masscult, billion-dollar programs to wean children from cowboy-and-Indian movies, or to nationalize the networks, or to teach bored housewives to weave baskets, or to hire John Kenneth Galbraith to write a new improved Constitution and get us started out again on the left foot. And the latter demanding—well, not much of any thing, in the way of programs. The silliness of liberals lies in their failure to understand what sensible conservatives know that while the human mind is quite properly regarded as a radical instrument, it is used intelligently to the degree that its owner comprehends that its gift for radical imaginings in no way imposes upon the universe the obligation to alter the laws of its nature in order to accommodate human dreams. And the arrogance of liberals lies not in their presumption in criticizing people, but in their setting out forcibly to reform them. So long as conservatives confine themselves to criticism, their arrogance will be salubrious.

However . . . The New Majority issue is stirring up all sorts of problems for conservatives, most of which, I suspect, are insoluble. Phillips, you will recall, has suggested that the term "conservatism" no longer describes a genuine phenomenon in this country. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that no matter how much of itself American conservatism yields to populism, the very factors that wafted Kevin Phillips to prominence are working ineluctably to produce a time in the not too terribly distant future when the last gossamer threads that connect conservative politics to the conservative mind will be irreparably snapped. □

A Working Man's GOP?

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

FEW AXIOMS in American politics are more deeply planted than the notion that conservative Republicans are venal servants of big business, while liberal Democrats are noble champions of the masses.

This caricature contains a grain of truth—albeit a tiny one. The GOP has long been known as the party of free enterprise and limited government, and since these precepts are generally favored by American business, there is a certain obvious community of interest. Most Republicans and conservatives have understood, also, that a healthy business climate is a necessary precondition of prosperity.

In a deeper sense, however, the presumed connection of the Republican/conservative position to that of business is mistaken. For one thing, heavy emphasis on free enterprise is nowadays more notable among small businesses than large ones, which often enjoy some special relationship to government. For another, the presumed hostility between conservatives and the working man is factitious. The conservative stress on productivity and expansion, after all, is much more clearly in the interest of working people than is the “no growth” posture of the liberals.

This rather obvious point, unfortunately, is difficult to get across against the power of prevailing stereotypes. A couple of youthful congressmen, however, have mounted a valiant effort to make the point, and have enjoyed a bit of initial progress in this direction. Representatives Philip Crane of Illinois and Mickey Edwards of Oklahoma are among the most outspoken conservatives in the Republican Party (Crane is chairman of the American Conservative Union; Edwards is its treasurer); they are also among the most inventive. They have devised a method of reaching out to blue-collar voters that is as

ingenious in its packaging as it is solid in its economic grounding.

The essence of their initiative is to stress that working people and Republican conservatives share an interest in jobs. Heavy government taxes and regulations, they contend, are weakening the economy in general and destroying employment opportunities in particular; private investment, meantime, is the only source of new machinery and plant expansion that can create additional jobs.

Crane and Edwards focused attention on this thesis last winter when they traveled to economically troubled Youngstown, Ohio, to meet with local political spokesmen and representatives of the unions. Although the union leaders were reluctant to have it known that they had foregathered with conservative GOPers, enough was learned about the meeting to suggest a possible merging of perceptions. As Representative Edwards put it:

What these workers said, in effect, was this: The EPA has blocked the steel mills from using a river created for that purpose. OSHA has come in and driven up costs. Government is borrowing heavily and the steel companies can't go into private money markets to get money for relining blast furnaces and modernizing equipment from private borrowers. And U.S. steel mills can't compete fairly with other countries because our trade policies ignore the subsidies those governments give to their steel manufacturers—subsidies allowing them to undercut our prices. Few free-market conservatives have stated their arguments for limited government as well as did those union leaders in Youngstown.

As a follow-up to these conversations, Crane and Edwards introduced in Congress a series of bills known collectively as the “Job Stability Package.” The package consists of three interrelated bills, the “Truth in Reg-

ulation Act of 1978” (HR-11651), the “Anti-Dumping Act of 1978” (HR-11652), and the “Urban Growth Act of 1978” (HR-11653). The bulkiest and most complicated is the last-named, which would revamp our system of business taxes as it affects investment and productivity.

The major components of HR-11653 are a 3 per cent reduction in corporate tax rates over a three-year period, increasing the surtax exemption from \$50,000 to \$100,000, making the investment tax credit permanent at 10 per cent (with another 10 per cent added in for businesses in higher-unemployment areas), rapid amortization of qualifying equipment, ending the double taxation of dividends, and other steps designed to encourage investment and hence creation of new jobs.

OF THE COMPANION bills, HR-11652 concededly squints a little toward protectionism, but is essentially a technical amendment to existing law, to speed the process by which the Treasury Department makes a determination of dumping and moves to impose an equalizing duty. HR-11651 is a more important innovation—an ingenious, long-needed twist on the environmental impact statement. It requires the EPA to file an “economic impact statement” concerning proposed environmental regulations, and says no regulation found to be a cause of unemployment may take effect unless specifically approved by Congress.

“With no compromise of principle on either side,” says Representative Crane, “we feel that there is a commonality of interests that can be reflected in constructive legislation that focuses on positive areas of mutual concern . . . Our goal is to make a breakthrough with what should be a natural basis of conservative support. It is the liberal who believes that we can follow a ‘no-growth’ path without cheating working Americans—particularly minorities—out of participation in the American dream of jobs, productivity, and upward mobility . . .”

All in all, a most attractive package: useful as a debater's point in continued squabbling over unemployment, more useful still should it become accomplished legislation. □

It's cheap, easy to use—and will give people, not the power to control local or national TV stations, but something more important: the power to control their own TVs. Watch out, Cronkite . . .

Power to the People

JOHN BOWIE

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT Printing Office churns out five to six hundred documents per day: estimated total for 1976, 150,000. At the University of Iowa's main library—one of several official GPO depositories nationwide—it takes one full-time employee just to open and sort the 14 boxes of government material that arrive each day, another nine employees to catalogue and shelve it. Once everything is labeled, stacked, and shelved, none of the government indexes works well enough for a non-librarian to find anything that might interest him. There may not, of course, be much interest anyway, what with such exemplary GPO documents to choose from as the recent Occupational Safety and Health Administration booklet *Safety with Beef Cattle*, which offers dairy farmers hints like, "Don't fall." And, "Hazards are one of the main causes of accidents." Information of this caliber makes every GPO depository in the country a veritable mother lode of ennui.

It would seem obvious that the distribution of information is not the Federal Government's forte. Jefferson may have had this in mind when he said, "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread."

Odd, then, that for forty years the distribution of radio, telephone, telegraph, and television information has been under the direct supervision of

the Federal Communications Commission. Where television is concerned, the FCC doesn't just tell broadcasters when to sow and when to reap, but where their fields are, how big they are, what tools they can use to work the land, and what they can grow—all in the name of an immutably indefinable "public interest."

Again, we are assuming the public is interested. There are 7,500 broadcasting stations in this country. In the top fifty markets, where 75 per cent of Americans live, CBS, NBC, and ABC hold 94 per cent of the audience; national-network-controlled content in prime time is 95 per cent. The rough edges of a problem begin to appear here, as Ben H. Bagdikian noted in *The Information Machines*: "No national newspaper or nationally broadcast news program can tell the local citizen what he needs or wants to know about . . . local activities that affect his family life."

BOTH BROADCASTERS and the FCC have pondered this fact for years, offering a series of extraordinary solutions: Public Broadcasting, which quickly earned the nickname BBC Three; equal-time statutes whose potential layers of meaning and interpretation are near-biblical; cable TV regulations tailored to negate local-interest cable TV; and, finally, "prime-time access," wherein local broadcasters were given a half-hour all their own every night, which they rushed to fill with such "public interest" highlights as *The Price Is Right* and *Gilligan's Island*.

What does the public want? The saga of cable TV exemplifies the fact that

neither FCC nor broadcaster thinks of public interest as anything but personal nuisance. In the beginning, cable TV was "pay" TV. CBS distributed thousands of brochures featuring a cartoon of a little boy holding out his little hand to his father and asking, "Daddy, can I have a dollar for *Guns smoke*?" Pay TV died. When it was reborn as cable, the FCC shoveled programming and signal-reception restrictions onto it. When "public access" and "local interest" requirements were added, most cable stations waltzed neatly around them; asked about "locally originating" programming, they would point to a cable channel featuring a barometer and a clock. But a few cable stations did care about the communities they served. In Dubuque, Iowa, the twice-monthly Dubuque City Council meetings were broadcast live on cable. Nine out of every ten Dubuque cable subscribers watched these meetings, providing so much feedback that the City Council, which had been meeting for two or three hours every other Monday night, began to meet every Monday for five or six or seven hours. *Rhoda* and Monday night football lost out to local, spontaneous drama. The cable station in Moline, Illinois has eight half-hour community affairs programs every week, including one on which local police representatives answer phoned-in questions.

For the most part, though, cable operates—and, more importantly, prefers to operate—in the same sort of context the FCC has provided for other broadcasters, a vacuum devoid of community involvement. At Hawkeye Cable in Des Moines, 5 per cent of the station's gross income goes to the city for "program-

Mr. Bowie is a teaching assistant in the video and mass communication programs at the University of Iowa School of Journalism. This is his first appearance in NR.

ming." No one in the community is involved in this; most, including cable subscribers, aren't even aware of it. The money has wound up in the Des Moines Department of Transportation, where it's used to buy traffic lights.

The problem is deeper than administration, deeper than the medium. Whether they are commercial or public, national, local, or cable, broadcasters and the people who regulate broadcasters make assumptions about their audiences, assumptions that work to deprive viewers of the input they deserve and the information they want. The FCC *assumes* that television stations are operating "in the public interest," and enforces regulations based on that assumption. The networks *assume* that, when A. C. Nielsen says people are watching something, that necessarily mean they like it. Local TV stations *assume* the community prefers *Gilligan* to its mayor or police chief. To complete the circle, viewers *assume* this breed of news and entertainment is what a majority of people want, or it wouldn't be on the air. Cogito, ergo assume.

TO BE HONEST, no one is going to be able to change the shape and direction of television or of the FCC. We can rearrange the furniture, or put in new drapes, but we should have been there when the foundation was being poured. Even then, few changes would have been possible, since the technology of broadcasting television demanded regulation and centralization. The word itself says it all: "television," to see from a distance. Sad to say, that distance is as much philosophical as it is physical; the local newscaster is no more a part of the community than is Walter Cronkite.

We are better off honing in on a new medium: video. Video's foundation is yet to be poured. The potential for the distribution of local information, under local control, is unlimited. Video is cheap and easy to use. It will give people, not the power to control local or national TV stations, but something more important: the power to control their own TVs.

Portable video technology has been refined more rapidly than any other medium in history. Nine years ago, there was no such thing as a portable

video-tape recorder. Today, lightweight, inexpensive color camera/recorders (one-tenth the cost of a studio TV camera sans recorder), computerized editing decks, low-cost building antenna systems, short-range microwave transmitters, community cable systems, even satellite receivers are available. A community with a radius of five miles could have a complete video network—camera, recorder, editing decks, transmitter—for what the film production companies now charge to make a one-hour public relations movie (most hover around \$1,000 per minute).

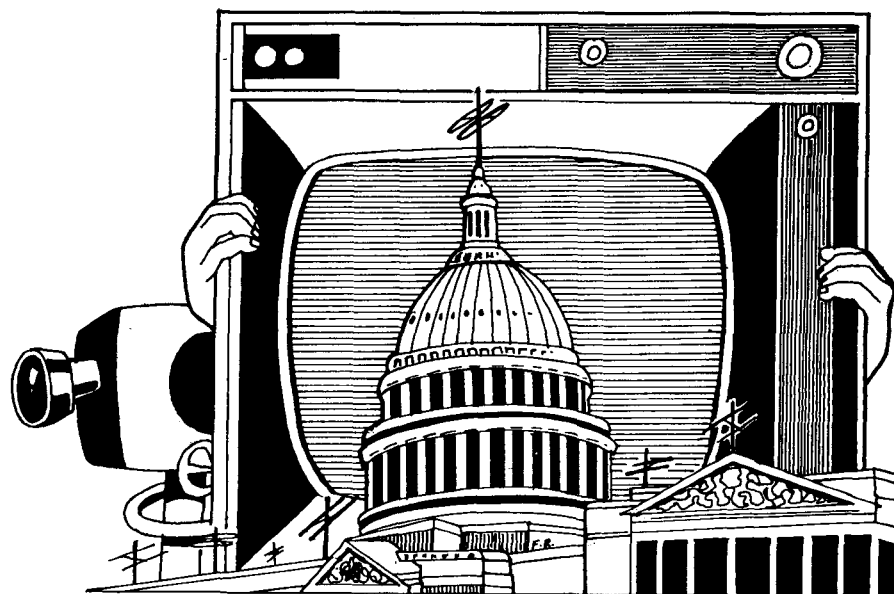
AT THE SAME TIME, video is easy to use. It takes 15 minutes to train someone to use a portable video recorder ("Portapak"). Synchronized sound and picture are recorded on the same reel of tape, so one person is a complete video crew. A screen in the camera's viewfinder shows just what's going on tape—no photographer's knowledge of f-stops et al. is required. The tape is ready to show (no developing), and can be played back on any TV set. Tape costs \$12 per half-hour reel; each reel can be erased and re-used an average of three hundred times.

A heady technology, ready to be applied. Portapaks have been snatched up by business and industry, who realize their cost and production advantages. Conventional TV has been slow to adopt portable video, owing to union pressure (that one-man video crew replaces a four-man film crew) and to

ponderous economic and psychological investments in studio TV equipment and style. Since it's both easy and cheap to license a short-range, non-commercial video network, FCC regulation of even the most sophisticated community video systems would be minimal. The FCC wouldn't have any power at all over cable and in-house systems that didn't transmit over the radio waves.

So community video could supplant conventional TV. Those interested, though, must concentrate on the foundation. "People buy new communications for the content," Bagdikian writes, "not the ingenuity of the machine." Unless the content is community-inspired, then it doesn't matter what the cost or ease of use is; unless the community is involved from the beginning, it may as well be—and most likely will be—yet another avenue for *Gilligan* and the FCC.

To begin with, communities can and should vote for the people who will run their video systems. Elected officials, re-elected or booted out every year or two, would give the community initial and continuing control over programming and programming philosophy. Local communities have few options with regard to the content of conventional TV. On the national scale, the Federal Government lets communities decide what to do with urban renewal money, but not whether there should be federally funded urban renewal. So communities should also vote on issues, on the ways in which issues will be explored. The major problem with most



public-interest groups is that *they* decide which issues are important and which approaches to them will be emphasized. Nuclear power is an "issue," but where one community may want to know the dangers, another may want to know the economics, another the applicability. Issues by referendum could ensure video information that's pertinent to the community receiving it.

A tape made by an amateur with a Portapak won't draw as many viewers as will a slick, commercial production. Both public TV and cable TV realized this and, instead of investing in the community, fell back on BBC and first-run movies to entice viewers. But community involvement *before* a local tape is made will ensure an audience: we know about this, we're concerned about this, many of us have even worked on this. Aimed at a smaller audience, and involving that audience in the process, community video can remove the aura of mystery cloaking both broadcasting and government. The editing tricks on conventional television are obvious to anyone who has edited video-tape. A bond issue is clearer to anyone who has seen the onstage and backstage government machinations that produced it.

COMMUNITY VIDEO needn't be limited to hard information. Three years ago, University of Iowa video instructor Dick Wheelwright followed the University's wrestling team to the NCAA championships in Princeton, Portapak in hand. While the Iowa wrestlers were winning the championship, he was taping all their matches. ABC's *Wide World of Sports* was there, too—they took three days to set up, taped only portions of a few of the final matches, and then didn't broadcast their tape for weeks. Two days after the meet, Wheelwright's video class showed all the Iowa matches to a large crowd of Iowa City fans. The total cost of the program, including travel expenses and video-tape, was four hundred dollars.

Finally, community video makes possible the sort of dialogue conventional TV denies. When Dubuque Cable was airing those City Council meetings, people watching at home would often get fired up enough to drive downtown and join the discussion in progress. Community-owned and -operated video

could have given them enough equipment and expertise to tape and air their own views.

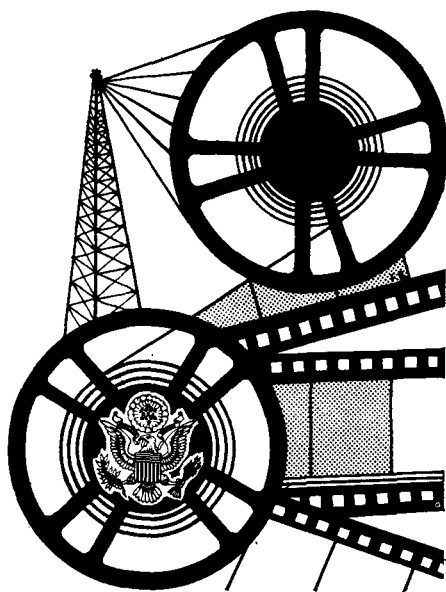
So long as the foundation is accessible, community video can start with a minimum of equipment. Most school systems own a Portapak, and one Portapak can often do the job. It can be wired in to the antenna terminal of a building, so that every TV in the building—a civic center, for instance—will show the tape being played. Unless that Portapak/antenna set-up generates frequencies that interfere with radio waves (shielded cable will eliminate such interference), it is outside the jurisdiction of the FCC. A more sophisticated system uses short-range transmitters to broadcast the video signal over an unoccupied TV channel. FCC licenses are required for this, but they are easier to get than licenses for conventional TV transmitters, and non-commercial licenses are usually free. A 100-watt short-range transmitter will cover a radius of three to five miles; a one kilowatt transmitter, ten to 15 miles. Microwave transmitters can be used to relay the signal to outlying or rural areas, and—although cable companies don't like to admit it—microwave systems are much cheaper than cable. Just as schools can provide equipment, local ham radio clubs can provide technical expertise, cutting down installation costs for even the more complicated video systems.

Communities should also give some thought to satellites. Companies like RCA, Western Union, and IBM know

the advantages of satellite transmission. The government has put up its own high-powered communications satellites (CTS, for example), but information about the public's right to use these satellites hasn't exactly poured forth from the FCC (perhaps it's buried at the Government Printing Office). Ground receivers for communities are now in the \$1,000 range; you can build your own rooftop satellite receiver for \$300; a Japanese company is developing a \$100 receiver. At present, the FCC doesn't have any licensing provisions for home satellite receivers. I know of one ham operator who built his own receiver, aimed it, and now, quite legally, picks up Home Box-Office free of charge.

SEVERAL YEARS ago Joseph Coors looked to satellite hook-ups for his alternative TV news service. Communities can do the same to create their own, locally originating national video network, with applicable programs beamed from town to town. There are charming implications: if, for instance, CBS news says farmers loathe some new policy, a community can make a satellite call and have any farm community beam up *its* views. If a mayor wants a new sewer system, the approaches to the problem taken by other, similar communities could be viewed. The programming should be regional, idiosyncratic, of use primarily to the immediate community; at the same time, via satellite, much of it will be of more use to other communities than what is now seen "from a distance" on conventional TV.

I've been thinking about some farm women I know in several rural Iowa counties. They live far enough apart so that, when they call one another on the telephone, they are charged long-distance rates. They didn't like that. But they didn't picket the phone company, bemoan the cat's-cradle of the FCC, or simply swallow their anger and live with it. Instead, they noticed the CB radios in their husbands' pickup trucks. So they bypassed the phone company, bypassed conventional solutions, and bought themselves CB radios. Now they talk to one another all they like, and for free. They control the medium. They haven't gotten rid of their telephones—there's still a use for them.



But they have supplemented the telephone system to meet a personal and local need. A few years ago, no one outside the cab of a Kenworth knew CB existed; now, the FCC is swamped with 500,000 CB license applications a month. It can't supervise that mass; conventional radio broadcasters are

having nightmares over it (radio listeners are switching from AM-FM to CB at an "alarming" rate); communities everywhere are creating their own CB networks.

Video is where CB was. It can become a local force, or it can be left to the regulation and centralization that

have captured and neutralized most other media. There will probably always be bureaucrats and broadcasters announcing when to sow and when to reap, how to avoid hazards, how to be informed; but, thanks to community video, they may someday find there's no one listening. □

Dick and Jane and a Dread Disease

WITH VENEREAL DISEASE reaching epidemic proportions among the nation's young in many areas, teachers, although doing their best to combat the problem, are penalized by the anti-sex-education laws in many states. While teachers can mention the dangers of these diseases, they cannot mention the parts of the body involved. This has somewhat handicapped their efforts, and also the efforts of school-book publishers.

For example, look at *Miss Pinkshivers Teaches Dick and Jane about a Dread Disease*, one of America's current school-book classics.

Chapter 1

"And today, class, we will discuss the dread consequences of catching a ven . . . a disease."

"What disease, Miss Pinkshivers?"

"A disease, Jane, that causes blindness, insanity, and death. You must do everything you can to prevent yourself from becoming a tragic victim."

"Oh gosh, Miss Pinkshivers, it sounds awful! I will do anything rather than catch it. What should I do?"

"Well, Jane, it is not what you do. It is what you do not do. So do not do it."

"Oh, Miss Pinkshivers, I promise I will not. Do what?"

"What you should not. But if you do, be sure to take every precaution."

"I will, I will! What precautions?"

"The precautions one should take before one does what one should not do. For if you do not, the first symptoms will appear. And you will have to go see a doctor right away so that you will not become blind or insane or die."

"Oh my! What are the first symptoms, Miss Pinkshivers? Please tell me!"

"The first symptoms are those that

come before the second symptoms. The second symptoms are those that get progressively worse without treatment. That is why the thing you should do, if you have done what you should not have done, is to see a doctor right away before you drop dead."

"Golly, Miss Pinkshivers, if I do not do what I should do before I do what I should not do and then do not do what I should do after I have done what I should not do . . ."

"You will go blind and insane and drop dead, Jane. Are there any more questions? Good. Now, let us go on to the reproductive system of the fly."

Chapter 2

"Jane, why do you and the rest of the class keep coming to school during these sunny, warm days wearing a muffler, a gauze mask, and galoshes?"

"So that we will not catch that dread disease and go blind and insane and drop dead, Miss Pinkshivers."

Chapter 3

"Today, class, I have something bad to tell you and I have something good to tell you."

"What, Miss Pinkshivers? What?"

"More and more of you young people are catching that dread disease I have taught you about. I am very disappointed in you."

"So are we, Miss Pinkshivers. But we are not doing what you told us not to do and we are doing what you told us to do. We think. Could it be that we are doing what we are supposed to do after we are supposed to do it rather than doing it before we are supposed to do it? Or before, after?"

"Never mind, class. There is a good thing I want to tell you about."

"What, Miss Pinkshivers? What?"

"Fewer and fewer of you are catching colds."

Chapter 4

"Welcome back to school, class. I hope you had a pleasant summer."

"Oh, yes, Miss Pinkshivers! Oh, yes! None of us caught that dread disease."

"Good. But, Jane, you have gained a lot of weight. Oh, Jane, you look as if you are . . . Jane, what happened to you?"

"Well, Miss Pinkshivers, do you remember that gauze mask I wore last year so that I would not catch the dread disease?"

"Yes, Jane."

"And which I am wearing now."

"Yes, Jane."

"Well, during the summer it kept rubbing on my lips and caused a pimple to grow there."

"Yes?"

"Well, Dick told me it was a first symptom. I was scared to death that I was going to go blind and become insane and drop dead. Then Dick told me what to do. And I did it. With him. And the pimple went away, too."

Well, obviously there are some kinks to be ironed out before Dick-and-Jane publishers will successfully get the message across to kids about the dread disease.

Meanwhile, I can hardly stop reading—especially as I search for the answer to the question my teenage daughter asked me the other day: "Is it all right for a postmarital couple not to do what they should do after they have done what they should not do after they were supposed to do it rather than doing it before they were supposed to do it if they are going to get divorced eventually anyway?" —JOHN KEEFAUVER

The Truth and Billy Graham

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1977, evangelist Billy Graham made a trip to Hungary. It was the first of what he intends to be a series of Gospel preachings behind the Iron Curtain or—to use the carefully honed language of Graham and his planners—“in the socialist democracies of Eastern Europe.” Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania perhaps, and then even the Soviet Union will witness similar trips and preachments.

Only the most invidious or imperceptive would cavil at Graham's initiative on the grounds that it is pointless to preach the Gospel in those countries. On this score, Graham is correct: the Word of God is its own power; by being announced, it has its effect anywhere, under any circumstances. And, if such were the only objection to be made, Billy Graham would deserve nothing but credit.

When you consider what he has had to do in order to get invited into those areas, however, and when you read his strange reports upon his return, not only does that credit disappear, but you conclude that he has tampered with the Gospel truth to the point of compromising it—perhaps even betraying it. “There is religious liberty in Hungary,” Graham declared when he returned; “the Church is alive in Hungary.” This is as cold-blooded a euphemism as James Bond's seven-word report to London that “Yuri is doing nicely at the spa,” when that fictional Soviet spy lay suffocating in an airless, locked container under fathoms of water. But Graham is not a writer of thrillers; his is a voice of great persuasion, and his errors are all the more dangerous for that.

Nor did his portrayal of the way things are in Communist Hungary stop there. A TV documentary about his trip, complete with his personal armchair introduction and with running commentary, was broadcast across the country. It was graphic amplification

of his earlier remarks, a happy-making, dewy-eyed travelogue, much like the documentary on Nadia Comaneci and her Rumania: lovely Buda, glamorous Pest, beautiful Blue Danube (length in miles supplied), happy citizens, care-free church-goers, milling seminarians, smiling government officials, flowering fields, Billy riding a Hungarian horse, Billy wearing a Hungarian hat, the Grahams receiving a bouquet of flowers, gentle conversation with gracious Hungarian ministers of state; and an uninterrupted flow of tube images portraying a much healthier and saner system than this morally corrupt and economically decadent U.S.A. Throughout, Graham studiously avoided using the words “Marxist” and “Communist.” It was as if one had agreed to address Ima Hogg as Brenda Lovelace.

Hungary's Mysteries

Having assured us with messianic solemnity, matched to appropriate video footage, that the Hungarian economy is in excellent condition and that the people are going forward enthusiastically and contentedly, Billy Graham's portrayal went on with that special note of confidentiality we expect from him when he is speaking of God's mysteries. “The Church,” he says, “is not tied to any social or political system.” And so, you see, in “the social democratic” system of Hungary the Church flourishes as well as it does in the capitalist system of the U.S.A. Even better! For the liberated Christians in Hungary have made a discovery still hidden from us Christians over here: there is a need for the New Man—the New Man who believes in morality, in the resurrection of Jesus, in the divinity of Jesus, in . . .

And with that charade, alas, Billy Graham joins others of greater or lesser stature who have preceded him in admiring the Emperor's new clothes. For the facts are well known. And they do

not make a pretty travelogue. Or a fairy tale for children.

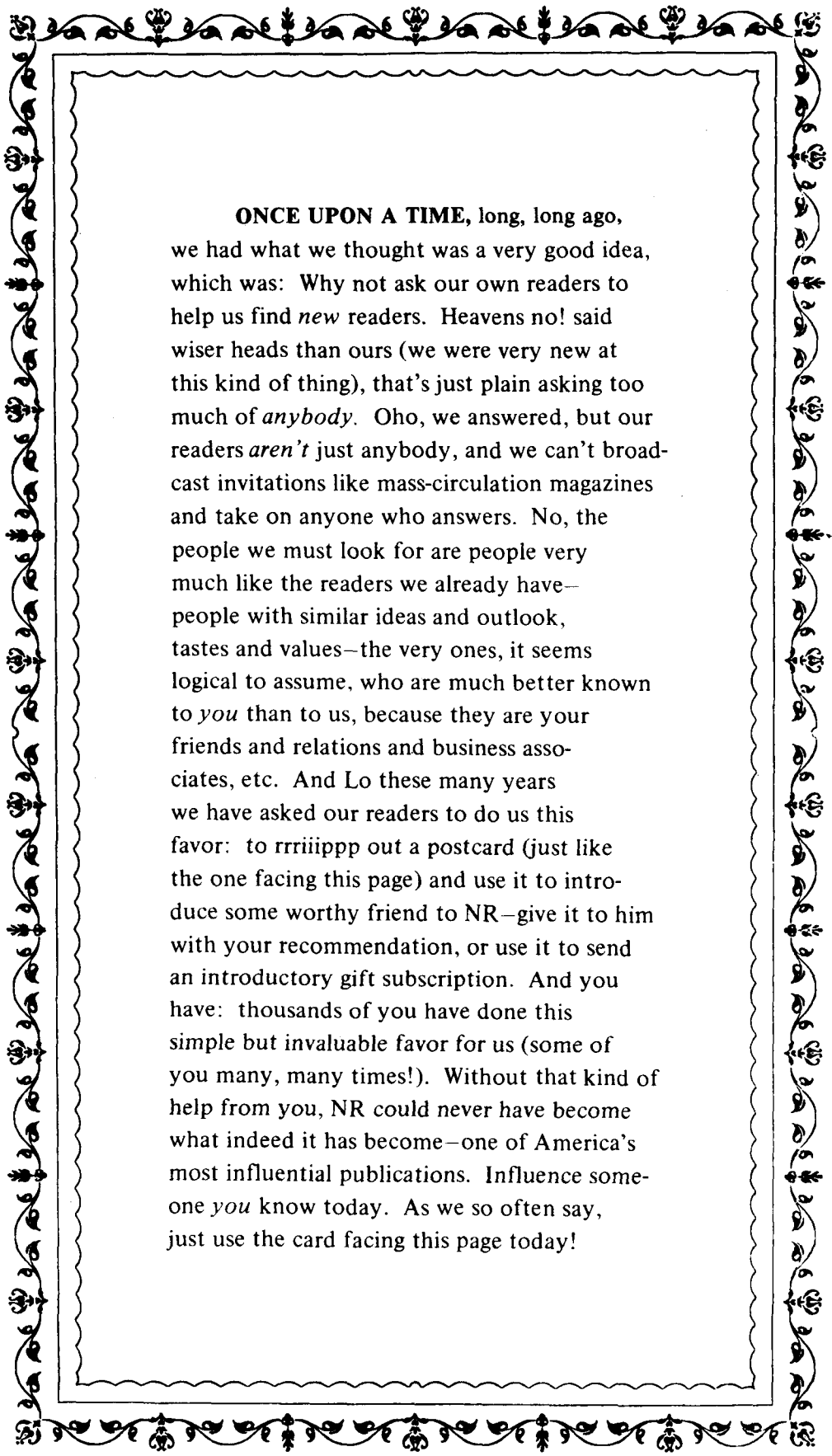
Every church group in Hungary suffers from what we in this country call persecution: constant surveillance by state security, especially on church leaders (each Roman Catholic bishop, for instance, has his very own KGB shadow in his chancery who screens all his visitors); a crippling system of permits and legal hassles that hamstring all religious movements; required state approval for all religious activity; strangling limits on religious education and worship, and ludicrously mean limits on clerical recruitment (the Catholics, 7.5 million in number, are allowed *five* new seminarians each year); active discrimination against all who support the Church; censorship of all church publications and sermons; imprisonment, sometimes torture, for recalcitrant religious activists.

As They Were Judged

Either Billy Graham failed to do the little research needed to find out all of this before giving such bravely intoned assurances to his believing audience, or else he too must know this, and much more. His adding his voice to the cries of “Look! How magnificent are His Majesty's new clothes!” is as fearful and as feckless as the behavior of those German pastors and bishops and those American visitors who spoke in the same fawning manner of the Hitlerian socialism of the Thirties.

And as self-serving. Surely those who pooh-poohed all the critiques of the Nazis some forty years ago enjoyed the flattering and rewarding hospitality of men who were prime monsters and supreme geniuses of evil. And just as surely, those same men are now executed by all of us for being the co-authors of the misery of millions. And so Graham will be judged.

His case is no less poignant. But neither the difficulties of the Graham organization at home, nor the need to attend to his image before the public, nor the niceties of what is called diplomacy (to which evangelists are not called) alter the fact that Graham's intelligence did not forbid him to make such a violent mental somersault; and his faith has not kept him from caricaturing the facts as he must know them. This is very far from witnessing to the truth. If an evangelist fails on this point, what is the point? □



ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrrriipp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

Books Arts & Manners

The Road to Liberty

FORREST McDONALD

A Time for Truth

By William E. Simon

Reader's Digest/McGraw-Hill

248 pp., \$12.50

F. A. Hayek, in a brief foreword to this book by the Honorable William E. Simon, expresses astonishment that a man with such views could have become Secretary of the Treasury. In sooth, the mind does boggle at the notion that someone who is both intelligent and pro-American could occupy a position of power and trust in the Federal Government. Even more astonishing to me, however, is that, after his four years in Washington, Simon can continue to believe there is hope for our country. I shall return to this point in due course.

Simon's message is a familiar one to *NR*'s readers, for it is essentially the same as Hayek's own message, and much of the supporting evidence has been presented in these pages by various authors. I warmly recommend the book nonetheless, partly because the message bears endless repeating, partly because Simon tells his morbidly fascinating tale so well, and partly because his accounts of his own experiences—especially as “energy czar” and as Secretary of the Treasury during New York's financial fiasco—are well calculated to horrify even those with a firm understanding of the sociopathic idiocy of the Washington Establishment.

One could cavil about a historical point. Simon mistakenly believes that the author of the Declaration of Independence and his friends created the institutional machinery for the free enterprise system. In actuality, that was the work of Hamilton and his followers, performed within the framework of the Constitution over the fierce opposition of the eighteenth century equivalents of totalitarian liberals. But that would be mere quibbling. My only real complaint against Simon's book is that it ends: I found myself, at about page 200, deliberately slowing down my reading pace so as to prolong the experience.

A few gems will illustrate the sharpness and clarity of the man's perception. Contrary to what many conservatives believe (or at least say, without thinking about it), the United States does not suffer from an excess of gov-

ernment. What it suffers from, as Simon points out, is a sickness of government, a metastasized bureaucracy. When it takes 57,027 pages of fine print in the *Federal Register* just to list the new federal regulations promulgated in the single year 1976; when the Interstate Commerce Commission alone has more than a trillion separate regulations outstanding; when fifty-odd federal agencies are charged with responsibility



for regulating the energy supply and the President demands more regulation: then any resemblance to government, theoretical or historical, has long since ceased. The legitimate function of government—protecting people in their lives, liberty, and property, and providing for the common defense and general welfare—have meanwhile been all but abandoned.

Again (as Stan Evans has so brilliantly suggested), the idea that we have a welfare state is a colossal fraud; and Simon both documents and illustrates that fact. Given the traditional Judeo-Christian ethic in regard to the poor and unfortunate, a charitable rationalization for welfare programs appeals strongly to Americans and Western Europeans, but the sad truth is that that rationalization is a monstrous lie to cover a ripoff. If the rich were being robbed to provide for the poor, or for that matter if the poor were being robbed to provide for the rich, there would be a certain perverted logic in the scheme of things. In reality, what is happening is that the productive middle-income groups (those earning between, say, \$15,000 and \$40,000) are being taxed to death to support other non-productive people (and anti-productive bureaucrats) in the same income range.

And yet again—though liberals control the intellectual establishment—Simon raises the fundamental question

Ronald Berman is on the staff of the American Enterprise Institute. . . .

Forrest McDonald is the author of *The Last Phaeton Ride* and numerous other books.

if whether it is possible to be liberal and intelligent. Too many Americans, he writes, "have assumed immense intelligence in the liberal world and have concluded that when liberals destroyed U.S. production, they knew what they were doing." Nonsense, Simon says; they are not conspirators; they are intellectual basket cases in the realm of basic economics. It takes an immense resistance to logic and fact not to know that one cannot simultaneously control prices, inflate costs, ban production, increase taxes, grant counterproductive subsidies—and expect healthy, vigorous production to result."

Perceiving that the bankrupt intellectual establishment is the liberals' most vulnerable spot, Simon proposes to save the day with a massive onslaught upon precisely that weakness. Toward that end, he suggests a three-part program. First, "funds generated by business . . . must rush by the multimillions" to the support of the *counterintelligentsia* of "scholars, social scientists, writers, and journalists who understand the relationship between political and economic liberty." Secondly, "business must cease the mindless subsidizing of colleges and universities whose departments of economics, government, politics, and history are hostile to capitalism and whose faculties will not hire scholars whose views are otherwise." Finally, business should absolutely cut off advertising in "media which serve as megaphones for anti-capitalist opinion" and channel those funds instead toward media which are pro-freedom. (I would humbly tender an additional proposal along the same lines, namely that the National Endowment for the Humanities be abolished forthwith.)

SUCH A PROGRAM would doubtless work wonders, for the one bit of economic expertise the intellectual rat-pack has derives from an unerring instinct for pandering to those who hold the money. But, having toiled in the vineyards of academe rather longer than Mr. Simon has, I am proportionately more skeptical of what can be accomplished there. Academicians, by and large, are even more vacuously vicious than politicians—after all, most politicians know when they are lying, and some even recognize the scurviness of their calling.

But that brings us back to where we began: Mr. Simon's hopefulness. Support of the conservative counterintelligentsia is important, and American freedom cannot be saved without it; but that, though necessary, is not sufficient, and Simon knows it. In a throwaway line toward the very end of his final chapter, "The Road to Liberty," he quietly lets it drop: "Ultimately, of course, it is in the political arena that we must definitely solve these problems."

Methinks the gentleman has it in his head to become a candidate for the Presidency. After reading his book, I mehopes so, verily. □

Stained Glass

By William F. Buckley Jr.

Doubleday, 232 pp., \$8.95

THE VIRGIN AND THE DYNAMO

RONALD BERMAN

Blackford Oakes, who has just finished saving the Queen, would like to do the same for Germany. But *Stained Glass* is more of a novel than a thriller, and it differs from the idols of its marketplace in some interesting ways. The first is in its sense of character. The second is in the correlative of its title. The third and most important difference is political. *Stained Glass* is squarely centered on a political issue, not a fantasy. It is worth reading and remembering because it is informed by strategy, and consists, as a novel, in the working out of a political possibility.

In these respects it is not what we usually think of as a spy thriller: a kind of detective story with the complicity of the state. There is no stolen atomic bomb, no plot against the ionosphere, very little modern mythology.

The subject is the unification of East and West Germany at a time when this might still have been attempted. The book has a short timetable; all of the action is dependent on the defeat of Konrad Adenauer by a man prepared to take many more chances than *der Alte*—a man whom the United States has an acknowledged interest in re-

moving before he becomes too serious an affront to the Soviet Union. The *agon* of the book doesn't concern the morality of his assassination, only its political wisdom. This is less cynical and more important than it sounds: we are assuming that Intelligence is not moral, and that this allows it to be accurate.

The great moments in *Stained Glass* occur in debate, as it becomes clear that the CIA has only political theory to offer against morality, and that such theory is incomplete without moral (and historical) knowledge. Adenauer's opponent is Axel Wintergrin, a young German who has fought in the Resistance and who understands that the Russians can be compelled to accept the unification of the two Germanies. In response, the CIA moves from its first position, a desire to placate the fears of Josef Stalin, to its second, which involves the undermining of Wintergrin's election campaign, to its third and last position, the decision to execute him in the name of European tranquillity. The action becomes intentionally (that is to say, by the author's intention) farce and accident, culminating in a death foreseen but unplanned.

The logic of the book's central event is held up against the mind and spirit of both Oakes and Wintergrin—and against the metaphor of the title. Oakes penetrates the Wintergrin organization in the guise of an engineer in charge of the restoration of a medieval chapel of surpassing beauty and moral importance. It turns out that the chapel, St. Anselm's, is itself an indirect answer to policy. Some things about it ought to be noted. It is, for example, located on a line that once determined the geography of the West—the *limes*, at Cologne, between Rome and the Barbarians.

With all the resources at its command, the CIA does not understand the history of the Rhine—the history summarized and symbolized by this chapel in Westphalia. Toynbee wrote that, for Rome, the Rhine valley was a frontier, but that for us "a rib was taken from the side of the older society and was fashioned into the backbone of a new creature." It was here that the Church encountered the Barbarians. And it was here that the West learned the first of its fundamental lessons. Toynbee puts

RANDOM NOTES

■ **LAST OF THE MAY CROP:** Diane Ravitch, author of *The Great School Wars*, has a new book ready, *The Revisionists Revised: A Critique of the Radical Attack on the Schools* (Basic, \$8.95), in which she defends the notion of education as being, of necessity, a limited enterprise. . . . In *The Seven Deadly Sins Today* (New Republic Books, \$10), Henry Fairlie, who believes in Sin if not in God, considers the nature of sinning in a secular world. . . . Stanley Hoffman's *Primacy of World Order: American Foreign Policy since the Cold War* (McGraw-Hill, \$12.50) reminds the U.S. that both its powers and its moral mandate are finite, etc.

■ **MORE JUNE TITLES:** We have not yet seen it, but Garry Wills's *Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence* (Doubleday, \$10.95) should be well worth reading, assuming that Garry has resisted the temptation to view Jefferson as the First Kid. . . . In *The (Guilty) Conscience of a Conservative* (Arlington,

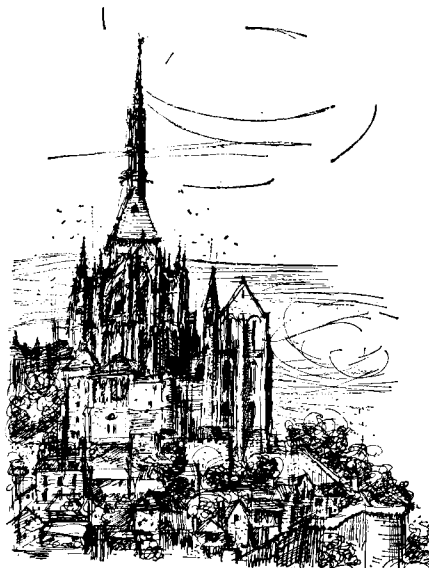
\$8.95), Craig Schiller insists that, however incompetent American conservatives' attempts to seize the day, the heart of America is essentially conservative and ripe for the plucking. . . . George Gilder's *Visible Man: A True Story of Post-racist America* (Basic, \$10.95) argues that "it is Northern liberals—in a spirit of charity, fatally corrupted by a spurious sense of guilt—who are enslaving blacks." The book is a portrait of a young Negro arrested in Albany for rape. . . . Quentin Bell, whose last book was a biography of Virginia Woolf, has finished *Ruskin* (Braziller, \$8.95), a biography of the English art critic. . . . Gabriel García Márquez's *Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories* (Harper, \$8.50) will shortly be available. Translation by Gregory Rabassa. . . . *Final Diaries: 1945. The Diaries of Joseph Goebbels* (Putnam, \$14.95) shows the Nazi Minister of Propaganda in the last days of the Third Reich, invoking Frederick the Great, insisting that the war could yet be won, exulting in the impending demise of the hated bourgeois West. . . . Henry Raynor's *The Orchestra: A History* (Scribner's, \$12.50) is well worth dipping into.

it with the kind of clarity that the *Realpolitik* of the CIA fails to provide: "Why did the Barbarians ultimately break through? Because, when a frontier between a more highly and a less highly civilized society ceases to advance, the balance does not settle down to a stable equilibrium but inclines, with the passage of time, in the more backward society's favor." That, I think, is at least part of the background to this story, part of its largeness and interest.

The chapel incarnates religion and technology, which is to say that it holds together two great themes of Western culture. Wintergrin dies because a machine, the chromograph, has been designed not only to match modern and medieval stained glass but to explode through an electric charge. And behind the play of ideas is an even larger play on language. Bill Buckley, like Henry Adams (who also knew about Gothic chapels), is writing about the Virgin and the Dynamo. The appalling literalness of the metaphor may be too much for coincidence.

The chapel is a great presence throughout the book: damaged by American artillery; restored if not unified by the CIA, the death of one hero, and the education of another. Against

its reality, policy seems to be a tropism: *Quid autem intelligendum?* Without much mystery, the chapel poises moral against material knowledge. And without pitching the matter too high, it suggests something about murder in a cathedral. So that the book has a certain kind of resonance as well as pleasure. It can be read through Anselm and Eliot, through *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and *A Study of History*; or, with gratitude, very much on its own. □



The Pursuit of Happiness, and Other Sobering Thoughts

By George F. Will

Harper, 333 pp., \$10.9.

THE JOY OF PURITANISM

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

A review of this book is almost anticlimactic, since it consists of columns that have already won their author everything up to and including a Pulitzer Prize. The acclaim is not unanimous: Jimmy Breslin has blasted George Will as a "tight white Protestant" for suggesting (in one of these columns) that it is reasonable to expect black people to refrain from looting during power failures. Of course most black people *do* refrain—and it is interesting a) that "Protestant" has become a derisive epithet and b) that Will, the individualist grandson of a Lutheran minister, seems abler than Breslin, the bluffer-than-thou scion of Irish-Catholic stock, to understand that blacks are fully capable of personal responsibility.

Will is often described as a puritan and one may speculate whether there wasn't an ancestral miscegenation with a Calvinist back there somewhere. He is an almost unabashed sourpuss, making a virtue of a perhaps predestinate necessity. Lone, crusty, skeptical, he surveys a world that is imperfect enough, though not so bad as the reformers think it is, and not quite so good as it might be with fewer reformers. And while he is eloquently conservative, he seems to be no kin to other conservatives: he makes no gestures of solidarity with them, seldom quotes them, and is openly disdainful of many of their concerns. His independence extends to nearly every real embodiment of political conservatism in recent years: he has been too fastidious to embrace not only Nixon and Wallace, but even Ford and Reagan. This is maddening to other conservatives, who feel like disowned relations. But Will really relishes the role of pundit, as some men are rapturously happy as celibates. He would probably feel compromised by commitment to anything more carnal than principle; not counting his family, of course, which

he celebrates with copious affection.

His urbane aloofness and his chilly contempt for Nixon stood him in good stead through years that saw Republicans decimated by contagion; and not being a man to invest his hopes in political triumph, he was apparently little concerned by the immediate beleaguering of conservatives. Neither linked nor allied to any political mortal, he is unshamed by any disgrace, and unembarrassed by any folly. He is a lover of Gibbon, and the son of a philosopher.

His loftiness of perspective allows even liberals to enjoy him: he never seems to subserve any concrete threat from the Right. Every column is an essay in political wisdom, condensed into philosophical aphorism, miles from the nearest bumper sticker. If his conclusions are usually conservative, his reasons are usually new-minted. Whether one agrees with him or not, he ushers one through the cleansing rite of thinking a position through.

THE 138 COLUMNS in this collection (and a good book could be made of the columns omitted in the culling) offer not only a wide range of subjects, but an impressive set of gifts, so that each subject gets the *kind* of attention it deserves. To individual politicians like Jerry Brown and Russell Long, Will brings a shrewd eye for style and character; to problems of campaigning and governing, sturdy practical savvy; to issues like abortion and pornography, the genes of a philosopher; to events abroad, a sense of history.

And always, the sense of relevance, communicated instantly through the media of wit and taste. A column on New Jersey's court-mandated income tax ascends from the news items to become a resonant warning on the dangers of substituting litigation for legislation, with special reference to a hitherto unconsidered potency lurking in the Equal Rights Amendment. Or commenting on John Connally's indictment for bribery, weighing Connally's plea that he urged price supports for milk rather for political than for venal motives, reflection surges into witty indignation: "If Connally was motivated only by the political considerations he expressed, then he is (speaking quaintly) innocent. If he did it for power, not money, then he committed government, not a crime.

... Government in the Subsidy Society is a mixture of Augustan rhetoric and Hogarthian behavior. Politicians lay down a dense fog of rhetoric about the 'public interest' and concern for the weak. And behind the fog politicians scramble to see who can be first to raise the price of milk in Harlem. The real scandal is not the way a few politicians break laws, but the way most politicians make laws."

That is vintage Will, cool epigrams savaging platitudes. But he has another kind of humor too, which he seems to feel a little guilty about. "A pleasant meal should include sherbet as well as meat," he says in his introduction, "and this volume contains both. It would be a shame, and probably a sin, to write as much as I do and not provide some light fun. Solemnity is the occupational disease of people who commit punitry," etc.

The fun is abundant, to be sure, but I wish he could have provided it without promising it. Fun has become *de rigueur*, dessert a required course. Solemnity is a shame and a disease ("and probably a sin," adds Grandfather Will's voice): the subtitle itself is dutifully arch about "sobering thoughts." Fun was more fun before it became a duty. Apply the Protestant ethic to wit, and you get your sherbet piled right on your meat: "Today a convalescent languor has settled upon the nation. This is not just the result of the campaign, which was more disappointing than maiming, like a glass of indifferent Beaujolais." Burp. The edifying quest for fun can lead even to monosyllabic prolixity, as when Will writes of Robert Dole: "He is a speaker whose gifts make him a swan among ducks in the brown Senate pond." Quack. The overwrought *mot*, the superfluous quotation, are harmless but slightly cloying, like an indifferent crème de menthe parfait. And I could pass up the annual jocosi-ties about the Chicago Cubs, a heavy venture in regular-guyism.

Yet I suspect that even if Will thought fun a sin, he would have frequent moments of temptation. How else do you explain what he does to Sartre and Shirley MacLaine? He sets the scene with a few barbed remarks, and Sartre, quoted on Castro's "direct de-

mocracy" as applied to a roadside waitress, becomes an unconscious self-satirist, a metaphysical Mr. Magoo. He does as much for Shirley MacLaine, and suddenly "flintiest" becomes an uproariously funny word. He describes a maudlin adolescent movie heroine as a girl "whose parents were nothing to write home about," and informs us that "on

Eighth Avenue there is a pornography supermarket, a Piggly Wiggly for perverts." Like a man who is too severe with his own children lest he seem partial, George Will seems loath to laugh at his own jokes; and *that* solemnity is a sin, and probably a strain.

One more complaint. I wish this book included a column about the Indochina war and its aftermath. Will's predecessor at *Newsweek*, the valiant Stewart Alsop, was a firm supporter of U.S. intervention whose warnings against withdrawal have been bloodily vindicated—though it was actually Communist aggression, rather than the prospect of a vengeful slaughter, that justified the war. No book that fails to confront this difficult issue can be quite complete even as a desultory commentary on our time. But there will be time for this in the next book. Which, to judge from Will's recent pieces, should be even better than this one. Put me down as an enthusiast of both volumes. □

FILM

COMING OF AGE IN SODOM

JOHN SIMON

Louis Malle has made two impressive films, *The Fire Within* and *Lacombe, Lucien*, and some valuable documentaries about India. But his problem seems to be a certain affectlessness: his films are less about feelings than about the need to have them. However charming, the joys of incest, as portrayed in *The Murmur of the Heart*, seem merely excogitated—Malle does not appear to be alive to their real implications; Lucien Lacombe's moral



PAGE

anomie and lack of feeling are accepted a bit too casually; Alain, the hero of *The Fire Within*, kills himself a trifle too promptly when his youthful good times appear to be over.

Pretty Baby, Malle's latest, is about Violet, a child prostitute in a brothel of Storyville, just before that famous New Orleans red-light district was closed down in 1917. Violet's mother is Hattie, a girl in Nell's bordello, who—when one of those accidents occurred, as they often did—allowed a child to be born to her. At first, Violet merely watches the life of the brothel with a mixture of curiosity and cold-bloodedness. Then she gets interested in Ernest Bellocq, a dedicated photographer who specializes in whorehouse scenes and particularly enjoys photographing Hattie. At 12, Violet is deemed to be of age, and is auctioned off in a kind of sex show *cum* slave sale to the highest bidder, a man who (as we hear but are not shown) roughly sodomizes her.

BUT VIOLET ENJOYS the luxuries of whorehouse living—unlike Hattie, who is yearning to get away from it all and finally gets a man to marry her and take her off to respectability, even though it means leaving Violet behind for an indefinite period. Meanwhile, Bellocq has become quite enamored of the trick baby (as child whores were called), and she eventually seeks him out, moves in with him, and gets him to marry her. Though the union of the obsessed photographer and the doubly spoiled brat is a messy one, Bellocq is shattered when Hattie and her husband come to reclaim Violet, who does not seriously resist being carried off to school and the bourgeois life.

This could have made an interesting movie if only it had had a clear point of view: some penetrating psychological insight combined with a social content, not necessarily redeeming. The trouble is that Malle, apparently, does not know what he is doing, beyond wishing to express his fascination with a child born into, and coming of age in, a whorehouse; and with New Orleans jazz, born, or at any rate fostered, in brothels, where the black pianists were treated with considerable respect. On two such pianists, Tony Jackson and Jelly Roll Morton, the character of the Professor in *Pretty Baby* is based—a remote and imperturbable dandy, who

keeps whatever feelings he may have well hidden.

The heroine derives from a real-life model, "Violet," the pseudonymous trick baby interviewed in old age by Al Rose for his well-researched book, *Storyville, New Orleans*, the chief source of the film. As for Bellocq, he is, of course, the photographer whose pictures of Storyville prostitutes brought him (alas, only posthumous) fame. But Malle misses his chance to delve into the reality—and therewith the possible meanings—of his characters, even though he is quoted in an interview in *Film Comment* (May/June 1978) as admiring "Violet" for her "straight attitude," her acceptance of the brothel and the world as they really are. Rose's book, in fact, reveals a girl who at ten was already casually wiping off her mother's clients; soon thereafter selling oral sex; and, at 12, auctioned off, together with another little virgin, for a double defloration.

Malle shows the amorality of the child only outwardly; for MPAA ratings' sake, or other reasons, he goes neither into the sexual experiences of the girl nor into a full exploration of their psychic resonance. His Violet thus emerges less hardened than her prototype must have been; and the life she leads, thanks to the luxuriance of the *mise-en-scène* and camera work, more romantic than even a child's view of it. In the same interview in which Malle praised the real "Violet" for her no-nonsense approach to her past, he describes his heroine's vision as that of a child and "very distorted." But the 12-year-old "Violet" was clearly not very different from the old woman she turned into, even if she did give up prostitution for marriage along the way. She could not have been a youngster living in a "dream world," as Malle would have it; she had to be prematurely jaded about our quotidian sources of wonder.

Malle evades this issue, just as he shirks the true nature of Bellocq. Keith Carradine's photographer is modeled outwardly on Degas (who actually spent time in New Orleans living with relatives): a pale, languidly handsome, bearded young man, strangely impervious to easily available flesh, although,

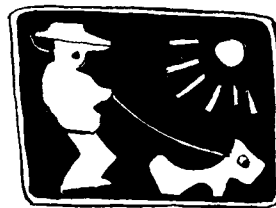
unlike Degas, he is heterosexual. The real-life Bellocq, in contrast, made sense as Toulouse-Lautrec did: a dwarf (in Bellocq's case also quasi-hydrocephalic) living among the despised, who could not look down on him. His misshapenness prevented Bellocq, like Lautrec, from becoming seriously involved with the whores; his talent enabled him to portray their sensual essence, thus also granting him vicarious possession. A seemingly normal and attractive but sexless Bellocq is an un-compelling enigma, more prurient than sympathetic.

Even less real than the main characters are the peripheral ones: mere unhaunting ghosts. We never get to know, for instance, whether Hattie truly cares about her daughter; whether the Professor has any feelings and, if so, of what kind; why Violet suddenly moves in with a Bellocq who, however enamored has little to offer her; and why, having married him, she is so easily severed from him by a mother who had abandoned her for so long. Nell, the madam, is all platitudes (badly played and post-synched by Frances Faye); the whores are interchangeable, and their customers even more so. The jazz, though present on the soundtrack, comes no more significantly alive than the people in the film who create, consume, or ignore it.

There is, however, much lush production design, although there are few outdoor shots of New Orleans despite location filming. Malle's co-scenarist was Polly Platt, the ex-wife of Peter Bogdanovich, whose earlier films she ably designed. Her only previous writing credit was her collaboration on the rather primitive script for *Targets*; small wonder that *Pretty Baby* looks more designed than written, even though Platt herself is not credited with its production design. And the opulent

decor is photographed with such seductive brilliance—warm, sensuous, almost palpable—by Sven Nykvist, Bergman's cinematographer, that competition from action and dialogue is desperately needed if we are not to be turned from moviegoers into museum visitors.

The acting is not much help. Susan Sarandon, through her charm, and Antonio Fargas, thanks to his suggestively



simian face, make something of Hattie and the Professor, respectively. But young Brooke Shields is merely very beautiful as Violet—neither actress nor even nymphet enough to carry the film. As for Carradine, he continues to be the sullen, slightly oily-looking, pinched-voiced lout he has been all along. But the problem does not really rest there, or even with the self-censorship that may have created the psychological lacunas and lapses in continuity. The problem is that Malle, with all his elegance and technical command, has made a film that, for lack of import, has little or no impact. □

SCULPTURE

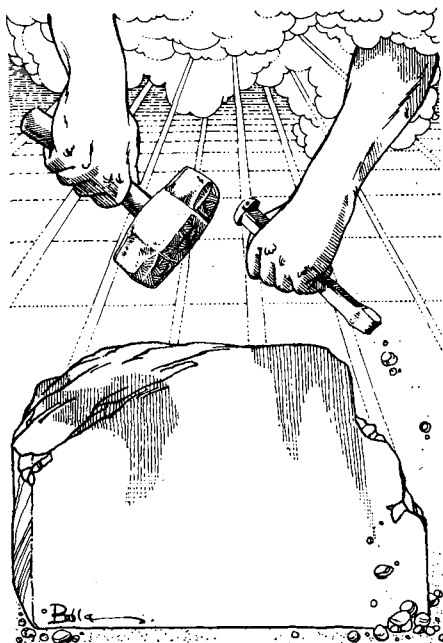
POST-CHRISTIAN ART

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

My friend and neighbor Jim Knowles, a brilliant sculptor, says he is practicing a "post-Christian" art. We can permit him an occasional pronunciamiento, for he has his baccalaureate from Yale ('66) and his Master's Degree in Fine Arts from the University of Pennsylvania, took master-classes in guitar with Andrés Segovia, almost became a professional golfer, paints furiously, and makes poetry out of bronze and stone. But—post-Christian? Really?

Jim takes another swig of ale. Not beer, but ale: something hearty for this dominant six-foot-plus man in his mid-thirties, with piercing eyes and a black beard straight out of the seventeenth century, as he reclines before his hearth, wearing plus-fours that once belonged to his grandfather, the great Ellis Knowles, the finest senior golfer who ever lived, one of my boyhood heroes. Not beer, but ale. Your sculptors are not the mincing wizards you must be careful not to tread upon, like roaches, as you stroll through the French Poetry section of the library. No, your sculptors are handcrafting in steel, ordering sand by the ton, pouring red metal, sucking zinc oxide and going daffy for a day or two on account of it, dealing with chain hoists, welding torches, granite, tree trunks, hardware.

Hardware: things. But if the Lord created the world and all that is in it,



then by what right does a sculptor create things?

You get the point. There is a brazenness in this art, for it is imperialistic and unforgiving. A piece of sculpture occupies space and denies access to all other things. You can buy real estate and deny access during your lifetime and perhaps the lifetimes of your heirs, but sooner or later the wash of life will come licking at your shores, and then the dominion that was yours will cease. But if you sculpt a bronze head of the Emperor, that piece of work will possess its own volume of space for all eternity.

And this is post-Christian, or anti-Christian, because it celebrates the physical. Sculpture is about matter which occupies space, whereas the music of Christ sings of the soul which informs matter.

Time for another ale.

Every art strives to shatter its own limits. On the piano, an instrument governed by percussion, we seek to "sing," which is of course impossible, and which is precisely what the great pianists accomplish. In painting, which exists in two dimensions, we struggle to create the illusion of the third dimension, to give roundness and fullness. In sculpture, which exists in three dimensions, but which is cast in stone or bronze, we seek to give movement and liveliness and energy. In writing we seek—but I do not know what we seek in writing. Submergence, perhaps. I feel

I am most worthy when I disappear from the scene and the reader is brought into a hearty embrace with the idea I had in mind.

The drive of sculpture is movement, just as the drive of the pianist is the voice. Famous singers would say that they had never understood a melody until Rachmaninoff played it on the piano, the least songful of all instruments. The pianist shows what can be done with a sound that starts decaying as soon as he produces it. The sculptor shows what can be learned about motion when he captures the essence of it and casts it in bronze for all time.

Consider the ice-skater as she ravel herself into a spin. Her arms loop upward, her head floats backward, her legs become a blur. She changes her arms and her head and her legs, and a new blur, a different shape, is presented to us. The spin accelerates and the profile is transmuted once again. She is playing with us; giving us three or four or five different visions of herself as she spins. Is she, perhaps, doing a work of sculpture that exists in time but not in physical matter?

Consider the sculptor as he considers the ice-skater. He can understand the movement in three dimensions, for he is bent that way. He will make a candlestick, or an andiron, or a work of art, which will resemble the figure the ice-skater made as she moved. It will be understood that there was rapidity in her actions, and grace. The beauty will exist in the essence of her shape while moving. To describe that essence in all three of its dimensions: that is the work of the sculptor.

CONSIDER A brimming wave on the high sea. It moves along as a ridge of water over the flat surface of the endless ocean. You could sculpt it as a ridge and be done with it.

Think, then, what happens to this ridge when it impinges on a reef that lies submerged at an angle. The great ocean swell will "break" at some point, and that break will "travel" all along the length of the ocean swell as it hits the reef. If the ocean swell was something we could sculpt, even though it was in motion, then the break is something also that we can sculpt. The swell traveled the face of the ocean, the break travels the length of the reef, but they are not disjunct.

So the action that happens when the wave breaks is a real thing that we can see with our eyes, and understand with our minds, and feel with our hands; and therefore sculpt. Jim Knowles has a piece he calls *Waves*, and you can see what's going on in it. The crisis of the wave, the crisis that travels the length of the reef, has been cast in bronze. Jim has done his duty: he has seen reality in three dimensions and has given it to us.

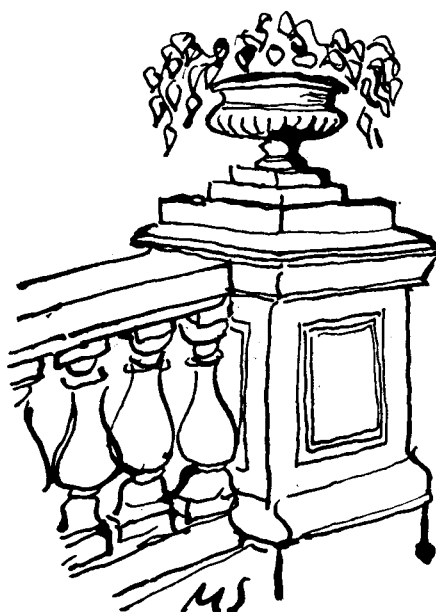
Art is a transaction that takes place on familiar turf. It is primordially a message, and messages work best when they are in a lingo we understand. The artist's work is to take common materials (the basis of communication) and warp them into a condition just uncommon enough to be, somehow, revealing, or amusing, or splendid.

Robert Frost said that a poet normally thinks in meter and rhyme and that his duty is to take his perfect-scanning thoughts and "rough them up" a little. The same creation of dissonance is evident in the work of the great composers: I can show you a hundred places where Schubert or Beethoven has traveled along the beaten path of the academicians, writing measure after measure that any schoolchild could have written, but for that one telling note, a foreign element, a dissonance that jars the whole passage into a lovely quivering of life.

AMUSING: Jim has a piece he calls *Axe*, logically enough, because it is a faithful stone carving of an axe-head. Look again. It rests on the coffee table at a 45° angle and is sitting on a flat facet that cuts across the biting edge of the weapon. Or—is it buried in the table-top as a result of some terrific blow? It compels you to take action (art is not neutral). You reach out, move it an inch, get the joke, laugh, relax. Bingo.

In many pieces of music the "point" is stated pianissimo. Much of art is suggested rather than yelled aloud. Jim has a bronze doughnut that is huddled over, its sides shriveling and ripping backward, its contours writhing, its essential structure under mortal attack. The title of the piece is *Wind*. Obviously there is a hurricane going on. To sculpt a hurricane?

These are examples of the essence of movement as described in material ob-



jects. But there are other kinds of movement in sculpture. To identify the break in a wave collapsing on a reef is to describe an essence of movement. Sculpture is rich in possibilities, however, and another form of movement can be provided by you yourself. You can't walk around a Rembrandt and get anything out of your travels. The old boy will be gazing at you with those all-seeing eyes no matter where you stand, until you get behind him, at which point he turns into a very old and dirty piece of fabric.

But you can walk 360° around one of Jim's dance figures, and the ambiguity becomes delightful. There is a relation between you and the dancing girl, and the relation keeps changing. Yet you are the same person, are you not? So, if you are not changing, then it must be she: and sure enough, as you watch, she raises her arms, twirls on her toes, throws her head back (it had been straight up when we started) . . . and you smile with delight. She's alive, and she will be alive for ever and ever. A post-Christian magic indeed.

That's an example of relative movement, in contrast to essential movement (Father William, thou speakest in riddles). Nay, I go further, and will broach the matter of rhetoric and gesture. A dancer will, upon occasion, emphasize the miracle of his movement by freezing in a gesture. The dancer, the actor, the orator, will "strike a pose." Primitive sculpture is the literal copying of the pose, the gesture. It is theatrical, unilateral (you can't learn any-

thing by walking around it), static (stasis, statue), lifeless. Your equestrian monuments, your George Washington standing there 11 feet tall with one hand extended to the adoring crowd, your Lincoln sitting there with his eye glazed—these deadnesses assail the whole thrust of sculpting, and they will not prevail.

You were wondering if I would get around to the question of "abstract" sculpture. Why not. It's Monday and I have a few minutes left over. Abstract means forms and shapes that are not intended to describe familiar objects. But abstract also means communication along certain primitive lines: there is the shared assumption, shared between artist and onlooker, that matter has density, that the density is constant throughout a given sort of matter, and that the force of gravity is working.

Within these shared premises, the sculptor now must deal with "forces," which are the motors of movement, and we come once again to the perception of dynamics. A block of granite, if it is to stand, must be in balance, no matter what shape the sculptor has given it. Your abstract boys will play with all manner of shapes, but they cannot violate this rule. Their play exists within strict boundaries, and their message to us is a sermon on the balance of forces in nature and the continuum of density in matter. They teach our eye to become a weighing machine, they introduce us to the solidity and unforgiveness of the physical world, they make us pause, little things that we are.

THIS IS NOT just a trick. Remember: when the dancer strikes a pose, he has got to put his feet under him in such a way that he's in balance and can *hold* the pose. To offset this death of rhythm he can call upon his glory of motion. His pose is his statement that gravity exists. It is his description of the terrors he has conquered. See, he is frozen, and now he can fly.

That piece of stone is dancing.

I hate to interrupt a delightful conversation and start talking about rubbish, but there's some rubbish in the sculpture business and we may as well tag it, kick it out the back door, and have done with it. I started with some mention of chain hoists, welding torches, sand, zinc oxide, and all that. Yes, your sculptor is a workman. But

ne equation is not reversible: not all workmen are sculptors. You can give a welding torch to some damned fool who thinks he can make a statement by converting a gasoline tank into a beach umbrella, and he will do so, and he will name it *Daffodil*, and some idiot millionaire will buy it, and the craze is on. Another machinist will construct things that defy the laws of gravity—and the laws of levity, for that matter. These are exploitations of industrial technique; these are not insights into the essence of movement, nor into the balance of real things.

Keep your eye on the matter at hand. Is it in balance? Can you walk around it and learn more about it? Does it please you? Would you give it to a friend? Could you live with it?

And now I must right the balance for Jim Knowles. He is a free spirit, but classical training is in his blood. His portrait sculpture is stunning, vigorous, jumping with life, bursting with the celebration of the soul. In the most narrow avenue of his art he walks with amplitude. Which is all of a piece with his preference for working in stone and bronze, the “noble materials,” as he calls them. You can’t go off balance with those babies. And they’re forever, like diamonds, or that Aztec skull in crystal.

SO MUCH for Leviticus; now Numbers. There are about thirty universities that hand out the Master’s Degree in Sculpture; none gives a doctorate in practicing art. There are thousands of ateliers and studios where young people do things with plastic materials. Every major university has a program in the practicing arts—handicrafts are quite the rage these days, as we look backward, angel, toward the jolly epoch of cottage industry. There are about a hundred master’s degrees handed out each year in sculpture. There are thousands of sculptors. Pick a winner, early, and you have got yourself a good investment.

The field is ripe with innovation, and I suspect that the bulk of it is newness for the sake of newness. New materials, yesterday’s plastic, designs in string, mobiles, monumental blocks, stochastic monoliths, landscape constructions, *tout ce jazz-là*. But keep your eye on the ball. Think in three dimensions, stay married to that good girl the law of

gravity, remember that the Lord lets even the otter play and be happy and that we should too, and turn your eye away from objects that do not give you wisdom and delight. □

The GIMLET EYE

I GET A TATTOO

D. KEITH MANO

Is it like falling, childhood palms out, on asphalt? Or like having a bandage ripped off skin: but backward somehow, ripped *onto* skin? Is this helping you at all? It lies between Astroturf burn and dull bruise, yet concentrated: the sweep, the abruptness of those events in a minute flesh place. And made worse by purpose, by premeditation: it doesn’t have the shock-pureness that would come with accident: or the release of necessity. It’s a pain transaction: a little shyster deal: I don’t much care for it.

This is a dry tattoo: inkless, tiny heart-shape, as if I were being inoculated against small infatuations. It will last no longer than a cat-scratch. Missi, the young tattooing lady, dwells on my forearm: she has a high threshold for pain, mine. Her instrument buzzes: hornet-bitchy, mean: the impatient noise that you get being let in at the front door of a cheap apartment house. I’d like her to stop: I’m half-hearted now. In and out, the machine will



pound its several raking, arid needles under my skin: to deposit no message there: pointed, pointless. Already, three days later, the scab image is fading: rather more like old ringworm than heart. I’m a curable romantic.

We’re someplace on the lower, no the least, East Side. A prone wino has let his half-full bottle of Thunderbird tip over: it runs out from his crotch: missing a step in the digestive process. Garbage hasn’t been picked up: most likely because no one can distinguish it from what is still expedient. Fire-escapes above appear less promising than fire. And, sure enough: the bell to Missi’s apartment is camouflaged in a false-front mailbox. Since 1959 tattooing has been mildly illegal around New York City (not State). Back then, among others, the 16-year-old kid I threw cross-diamond to died of hepatitis from an un-sterile needle and MOM at Coney Island. But Missi and her husband, Joe, are bright, businesswise people: professional as chiropodists: hygienic as their autoclave. She’s finishing her degree in art. He means to open a modish tattoo salon on the Island and reads, would you believe, *NR*. “It’s absolutely ridiculous. The law against tattooing is an obvious violation of the First Amendment. Who can say to an adult person that he can’t draw something on himself?” I—buzz-unng—agree. In principle. The surgeon general has determined that tattooing smarts.

And how do you apprentice in an art where second or third drafts are inconvenient, to say the least? “Missi started working covering over jailhouse tattoos. In this neighborhood there are thousands of guys running around with jailhouse junk on them: hand-done with a pen and India ink. Tattooing has always been very popular with incarcerated people. You can learn by covering them over, because you can’t do anything worse. They’re like graffiti.” Men as walls: a rehabilitative thought. Of course the historical rationale for tattooing in Japan isn’t over-noble either. “Clothes used to be such a caste thing there. It was actually illegal to wear clothes above your station. What people used to do, they’d have entire suits—say, an admiral’s uniform—tattooed on them. So that naked at home they could be admirals.” Has anyone seen Ham Jordan without his shirt recently?

Tattooing is comeback art of the decade. "There was a line that used to describe tattoos fairly accurately: that it was work by the uneducated on the educated. Face it, tattoo parlors didn't have a classy image. But that's not entirely true now. There are a reasonable number of tattoo artists with a fine-arts background, who're interested in doing anything but the standard 'flash' designs: MOTHER, snake, nude woman, dagger. They regard tattoos more as a form of fashionable make-up." And there you have it: the grounds for sudden respectability: women. Sixty per cent of Missi's clientele is female. And that formula will hold for any social kink: it becomes acceptable when middle-class women find it acceptable, never before. They—not priest, not politician—arbitrate for us. (Witness your new, Bergdorf-ambiance sex aid boutiques: they pander to women and their success has been phenomenal.) Male tattoos, I was told, are more visible; female are more not-on-the-first-date shy. It strikes me, in my generalizing way, that tattoos serve as secondary or tertiary sexual traits: that there must be some correlation between the arrogant organ and the recondite one.

SUE COMES IN, not recondite at all: for a rose tattoo on her lower shin. I'd guess twenty-five or -six, middle-class, Jewish; she "reconciles" at some New York bank. Sue is built like—well, I once thought duffle went *inside* a duffle bag: Sue is built like what I thought duffle was, big blocks of it. Ordinary-looking, I mean: until now. I will warn her about pain: excellent similes: Indian burn, cement contusion. And she has the gall to sit through 12 petals, four leaves, and one stem without so much as hyperventilating. My macho does not offer a stock split. "It's pretty," she says. "I've been thinking about it for about a year. It's nice. It's different." She has made a duffle leg at one of those low shoestore-style mirrors. The tattoo, um: it improves her.

The body will change: diet, smoking, madcap hormones here or there, age. It's a headstrong pack animal; we feel accessory to it. The tattoo, I suspect, is a try at branding, at asserting some proprietorship. I-have-done-this-thing-to-you: so there. And fascination comes with permanence. Few vows stand up today: we don't swear well. That moment at least, of needle on skin, won't be gone back on: it requires abnormal

decision. Maybe Sue won't do anything as final again in her life. Besides, this is a society that values the "creative" mind above all. There aren't many to go around. But if you can't be an artist, you can still be a work of art. In your own permanent collection. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MONTGOMERY CLIFT, by Patricia Bosworth (Harcourt Brace, 438 pp., \$12.95). He was the quintessential loner. Filmgoers who were mesmerized by his brilliance in such classics as *Red River*, *A Place in the Sun*, and *From Here to Eternity* will never forget his haunting presence as the archetype of postwar alienation. Audiences were in a philosophical limbo, and Monty provided a measure of expression and meaning for a generation searching for answers in an arbitrary world. That the characters he portrayed seldom found the answers, and were usually destroyed in the search, seemed both philosophically and dramatically appropriate. When that same process became the format for his private life, the result was the tragic waste of an extraordinary talent. Patricia Bosworth meticulously examines his childhood and his tangled youth. Mercifully she spares us pseudo-analysis. Rather, she traces Monty's meteoric career from the blinding acclaim of the early 1950s to eventual disillusionment, a disfiguring automobile accident in 1956, and finally the death which snatched him from the chill of oblivion a decade later. It is a painful story, and the author tells it with a stylistic grace that is glaringly absent from the other "biography" on the market. Surely this gifted performer, who embodied the essence of sensitivity, deserves that much.

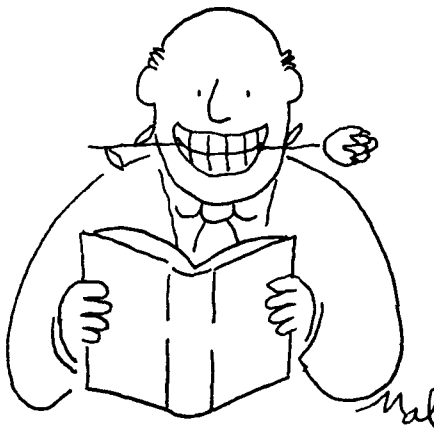
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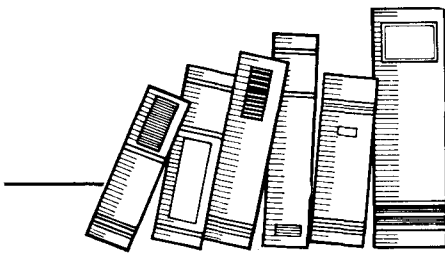
INJURY TIME, by Beryl Bainbridge (Braziller, 203 pp., \$7.95). Miss Bainbridge is such an unpretentious, observant, and witty writer that one wishes she would extend herself more as an artist. What she does—

satirizing middle-class British domestic life—she does exceptionally well, and though her work may sometimes recall that of Murdoch, Pinter, and Henry Green (the later period), it is nonetheless unmistakably her own, delivered in a unique clear-cutting voice. The problem is that her novels are beginning to seem too limited in their goals and too thin and specific in their characterizations. We do have a lot of fun at her characters' expense, but we often wish the author would loosen her reins on them and grant them a little more freedom and breathing space. Perhaps if they weren't locked so tightly into their individual roles, they might command more interest. In *Injury Time* Miss Bainbridge gets quite a bit of comic mileage out of a rather unimportant quartet of players. Edward, a married man, and his mistress Binny are joined one evening by another couple, a friend of Edward's and his wife. What begins as an uncomfortable dinner at Binny's house becomes a severe trial when the group is taken hostage by an invading band of fleeing bank robbers. Though Miss Bainbridge handles the hostage situation nicely enough, it unfortunately causes an annoying shift of focus and direction which weakens rather than intensifies the comedy. Miss Bainbridge's earlier novels possessed a dark, off-center quality (see *The Secret Glass* or the wonderfully nutty *The Bottle Factory Outing*), and they lingered in the mind. Her recent work has been lighter and far less menacing. We read it with pleasure, but put it aside too easily.

RONALD DE FEU

A FLANN O'BRIEN READER, edited and with an introduction by Stephen Jones (Viking, 447 pp., \$14). "Readers" are, at best, a tease—a skimming of a writer's works which succeeds if the selections are outstanding, or if, as is the case with the *Flann O'Brien Reader*, a little of the best makes one rush out to read the best in full. The excerpts from O'Brien's two outstanding early novels, *At Swim-Two-Birds* and *The Third Policeman*, should have been longer, but even these brief offerings show O'Brien to be a master parodist and one of Ireland's great writers. In *At Swim-Two-Birds*, O'Brien attacks Eire's sacred myths with the glee of a wild Celt sacking a treasure city. None of the heroes or heroines of the green past are spared the sword, and the retelling of the Finn Mac Cool tales is some of the funniest writing in the English (Anglo-Irish?) language. *The Third Policeman*, more ambitious than *At Swim-Two-Birds* (and perhaps as a result, more difficult), has as its narrator a murderer already dead, telling an insane tale about the circumstances that made him a murderer and about the incidents that led to his death. The humor here is maddening, skillfully developed, (Continues on page 735)





Dark Horses

TERRORISM AGAIN; or—more precisely—still. The murder of Aldo Moro has thrust this dreadful subject once more into the headlines, and made a recent spate of books concerning it intensely topical.

With frequent mentions of Italian terrorism and several passages weighing the propriety of deals with terrorists, Jan Schreiber's *The Ultimate Weapon: Terrorists and World Order* (Morrow, \$3.50) is certainly *in medias res*. In substantive terms, unfortunately, the book is a muddle. It betrays, if not a sympathy for the terrorists, an invertebrate yen to "understand" them, which amounts to much the same condition. It hints that punishment does no good, that terror is often a sane response to bad conditions, that the best way to forestall it is power-sharing and benign reform.

Despite all this, Schreiber does provide a couple of useful *aperçus* concerning terror, distinguishing it from the official deployment of force in warfare: First, that terrorism's targets are chiefly, if not exclusively, noncombatants, while the historical emphasis in our conception of warfare has been the opposite. Second, that the terrorist resorts to force according to his own analysis of need, rather than that of a separate, deliberative agency. This gets at the crucial distinction: that terrorism is pure force unchained from the restraints of law—the greatest of all social evils.

Also on target with numerous references to the Italian situation is *A Time of Terror* (Basic Books, \$10.95), by J. Bowyer Bell of the Institute of War and Peace at Columbia University. Bell gives major emphasis to the role of the media in encouraging terror. The point of most political kidnappings and the like, he notes, is to get them lavishly reported, as a means of conveying some fanatical message. The media generally react as planned, suggesting that the problem they report is in a sense their own contrivance. How to correct this lethal application of Heisenberg's law

is a difficult question, for which the author has no certain answer.

Though Bell concludes his survey with a solemn warning against over-reaction to terrorism, some of his data suggest the dangers of *under-reaction*. He provides the startling statistic that 141 of 150 Arab terrorists arrested in Europe during a five-year period were released without trial. He also notes that 79 per cent of the terrorists who seized political hostages in the period 1968-74 escaped both death and punishment for their actions, while receiving maximum publicity for the causes that they espoused. Four-to-one odds in favor of getting off scot-free are unlikely to discourage zealots weighing the terroristic option.

THAT POLITICAL terror springs from subjective derangement rather than objective evils calling for reform is suggested by *Hitler's Children* (Lippincott, \$10), Jillian Becker's well-written history of the Baader-Meinhof gang, which terrorized West Germany for almost a decade with a series of bombings and other acts of violence. This is the best of the recent studies at portraying—and explaining—the mind-set of the terrorist. It traces the process of ideological/ethical fuddlement by which the members of the Baader-Meinhof group proceeded from fashionable protest to raucous demonstrations in the street to outright acts of terror. Like the Symbionese Liberation Army and the Weather Underground, Baader-Meinhof was chiefly a product of nihilism on the campus. The ultimate violence, this tale suggests, was implicit in the original premises—the pseudo-intellectual hatred of the capitalist "exploiters," woozy calls for Marxist revolution, childish visions of Utopia, and other manifestations of what in Germany is called *Schili* and in America, radical chic. On the evidence of this volume, the malaise of terror stems, not from social problems as perceived by leftward ideology, but from the ideology itself. —M. STANTON EVANS

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

LUCILLE BALL:

[The] Mess in Television

What television and movies give you is glaring red, running blood, and foul words, and it leaves everybody without hope. Poverty and sickness and psychos and weirdos are coming out of the closet—and doing it all on television. We get enough of that on the news.

porary tastes and fancies; concerned not with today and tomorrow, but only with forever.

Imagining myself sitting in the Vatican, or strolling up and down the Vatican garden, I feel sure I should be assailed by the temptation to do a bit of excommunication and anathema on my own account as and when the opportunity presented itself. Freedom-fighting prelates, liberated nuns, Marxist-dialoguing Jesuits, and other such ribald clerical phenomena of our time, along with the accompanying literature, would be, for me, tempting targets. Auto-da-fé and the Index might be difficult to revive, but at least I could run the offenders out of the Church.

Or could I? On consideration, any such attempted *épuration* might well backfire; prudence would dictate treading very warily when it came to using papal authority to restore discipline among recalcitrant clergy and religious.

Loyola, Newman

To begin with, at any rate, I should have to content myself with using new appointments for corrective purposes. For instance, I might consider making Monsignor Lefebvre my Nuncio in Poland, and Father Hans Küng my observer at the World Council of Churches on the understanding that when the proceedings began to prove unendurable—which might happen quite soon—he would be transferred to Cuba as my Apostolic Delegate there.

As, in the nature of the case, I could only expect to occupy the position of Pope for a short period—a year or so at most—I should concentrate all my attention and effort on one single enterprise.

This would be, very discreetly, and even secretly, to prepare the way for an underground Church to go on functioning when the open one has been either forcibly disbanded, or so corrupted and disoriented from within that it can no longer fulfill its traditional role, as laid down in the Gospels and expounded in the Pauline Epistles, of keeping the Word that became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth.

What I should have in mind would be a Christian *maquis* or clandestine

Catacombs Order, whose superior and members would be chosen with the utmost care for their abiding faith, mystical insight, and love for the Church and its orthodoxy.

What I should hope to find would be some twentieth century Loyola, with the luminous mind of a John Henry Newman, the courage of a Cardinal Mindszenty, and the charity of a Mother Teresa. Such a man would gather round him the requisite helpers, and be ready, come what might, to keep alive the Christian faith through another Dark Age.

When the extravagant hopes placed in a kingdom-of-heaven-on-earth prove, as they must, to be utterly fraudulent, when the seemingly overwhelming strength of nuclear weaponry is exposed as capable only of destruction, when the abounding wealth of an ever-expanding economy turns out to be only so much paper, and the offerings of ever more vociferous and portentous media, so much fantasy—then my Catacombs, I should hope, would stand ready to give back to a spiritually impoverished and materially, morally, and culturally bankrupt world the inexhaustible riches of Christ.

That would be a Papacy indeed! Perhaps—who can tell?—some unexpected *papabile* is even now being divinely groomed to take it on. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 732)

and polished to perfection. The bulk of the *Reader* is involved with tidbits—letters, short stories, and journalism by Myles na Gopaleen. You see, Flann O'Brien was not himself but instead Brian O'Nolan, Irish civil servant, and also author of a column for the *Irish Times* written under the name Myles na Gopaleen. The selections from this column, "Cruiskeen Lawn" are full of social commentary, playful attacks on drink and commercialism, puns, jokes, and insane travel pieces. In spite of the uneven editing and the prose of editor Stephen Jones, which is a bit too full of the gab, Flann O'Brien manages to come alive in this *Reader*.

THOMAS BRIDGES

AMERICAN ART TO 1900, by Milton W. Brown (*Abrams*, 632 pp., \$35). Although the Bicentennial witnessed the publication of studies on such hitherto neglected figures as Emanuel (*Washington Crossing the Delaware*) Leutze and John (*Signers of the Declaration of Independence*) Trumbull, apparently no author had the temerity to tackle American's art—its ar-

chitecture, sculpture, and painting—in its entirety: indeed, in the years since 1945, only six such surveys have appeared, some of which omitted sculpture and/or architecture. Milton W. Brown's hefty volume, therefore, fills a real need. So far as interpretation is concerned, Brown sticks to the tried and true, especially the traditional insistence that sober realism is the essence of American art and that it is most successful, i.e., most American, when it avoids foreign entanglements. Thus he depicts Copley as forfeiting his birthright by moving to England before the Revolution; and, though he concedes the originality of Copley's contemporary, Benjamin West (an early exponent of both neo-classicism and romanticism and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds' successor as President of the Royal Academy, a seminal figure in the evolution of British painting), he implies that his achievement would have been even more substantial had he stayed, or at least returned, home. Winslow Homer ran the danger of being corrupted when, already a mature artist, he spent two years in England painting the fisherfolk of Tyndale; fortunately, however, he returned before it was too late and, settling on the coast of Maine, "recaptured his original naturalism of observation." This bias leads the author to underrate the romantic strain that permeates so much American art; he calls Thomas Cole's magniloquent allegorical visions "idiosyncratic and naïve," while at the same time comparing the brushwork of the somewhat naïve William Sidney Mount to that of Rubens, and likening George Caleb Bingham's Mississippi boatmen to the monumental figures of Giotto and Piero della Francesca—something of an overstatement. Such lapses, however, are few; indeed, Professor Brown is often at pains to warn his readers against overvaluing the achievements of the American nineteenth century, which, for the most part, remain respectably provincial in comparison with what was being produced in Europe. His book is essential reading for anyone with a serious interest in the subject.

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California's Proposition 13

On
The Right

Los Angeles, May 19—Last Monday the entire Letters section of the *Los Angeles Times* was turned over to a heated discussion of the merits and demerits of the Jarvis-Gann amendment, also known as Proposition 13. It is by common consent the nearest thing to a gut issue in a dozen years of California's phlogistic politics. And it will pass or fail on June 6. This is a date for everyone in the Republic to put down on such calendars as take note of the evolution of the fitful history of liberalism, once defined by Woodrow Wilson as the history of man's efforts to restrain the growth of government.

Jarvis-Gann, like so many California propositions, is complicated. Here however is the abbreviation as it will appear on the printed ballot of the State of California: "Proposition 13. *Tax Limitation—Initiative Constitutional Amendment.* Limits realty tax to 1 per cent; [permissible annual] increase [limited] to 2 per cent. Imposes 2/3 voting requirement on new taxes. Financial impact: Commencing with fiscal year beginning July 1, 1978, would result in annual losses of local government property tax revenues (approximately \$7 billion in 1978-79 fiscal year), reduction in annual state costs (approximately \$600 million in 1978-79 fiscal year), and restriction on future ability of local governments to finance capital construction by sale of general obligation bonds." That wording of the Proposition is on the order of the recent national poll: "Do you believe that the government should help to make medical care cheap and universally available?" To such a query, only Snidely J. Whiplash would vote No.

But a lot of people in California are going to vote Yes for Proposition 13. Up until recently, it was taken for granted that the combined pressures of the state's big-spending lobbies, which usually contrive to get the benediction of local chapters of the National Council of Churches (which pay no property taxes), would throw the fear of God and Mammon into the voters. But then, throughout the state, the new property assessments were drawn up.

In some suburbs of San Francisco the property assessments rose by as much as 75 per cent. Inasmuch as California's huge middle class is slowly recognizing that inflation plus progressive taxation equals gradual impoverishment, there is a feeling in town that the time has come for drastic action.

Governor Brown of course opposes Proposition 13, but it cannot be said to have become for him a cause militant. And anyway, to judge from his exertions in behalf of the Proposition a couple of years ago that would have required agricultural workers to join unions, which was defeated by a landslide, a Brown crusade against Proposition 13 in June might well result in hurting Proposition 13 less in June, than Brown in November. All the candidates are wary. Assemblyman Ken Maddy, running for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, expends effusive time praising the proposition and its initiators ("The Jarvis-Gann initiative has sent a clear message to the politicians in California. The message is that the people are tired of the continued growth of government . . ."), while formalistically opposing it ("However, the Jarvis-Gann initiative creates, in my opinion, more problems than it solves. The ambiguity of some provisions could result in endless judicial hassles . . ."). Not nearly so many judicial hassles as resulted from the ratification of the Bill of Rights, but never mind.

WHAT IS REFRESHING about Proposition 13 is its arrant inversion of the usual priorities. It is conventional to fight over whether to pass this or that costly legislative measure, repeal this or the other one. Proposition 13 begins at the other end—by saying to the legislature of the State of California, in effect: "In any fiscal year you may not spend, from revenue raised by property taxes, a sum of money equal to more than 1 per cent of the value of that property. As to what you decide to do without in the way of state services—you people figure it out. That's what you in Sacramento are for."

I wish I had said that.

Any number of objections are available. Ideally, Proposition 13 would introduce a timetable less abrupt. So, if it passes, the legislators will need to move quickly. If I were a Californian, that wouldn't upset me. Let them move quickly. Proposition 13 invites the legislature to introduce drastically painful economies designed to mobilize public support for repeal of Proposition 13. Ah, but there is an election coming up in November, and these are games that two can play. The legislators have the voters to answer to. We are overdue for a tax revolt. Tennessee has made an auspicious beginning. California may increase the momentum. Next stop: Washington. □

POST *New York, May 15*—**BAKKE** Professor Morris Shanker of the Law School at Case Western Reserve University makes a point which is at once shrewd, frustrating, and hilarious. Any day now the Supreme Court is going to hand down its decision in *re Bakke*. Allan Bakke is probably the most written-about American mixed up with the law since Dred Scott. No fewer than fifty briefs *amici curiae* have been filed with the Supreme Court on the question of whether the State of California can, under the Constitution, deny Bakke admission to a state-financed medical school in order to admit a member of a racial minority who is less qualified than Bakke by all the relevant indices. The legal and educational journals of the country groan under the weight of Bakke stories, arguing both in favor of Bakke, i.e., insisting that no state-funded education can discriminate on the ground of race; and against Bakke, i.e., insisting that affirmative action is the only historical means of counter-action against discrimination.

Professor Shanker has been discussing with some of his lawyer friends the question: What might be done in the event the Court rules against Bakke? Most of his colleagues, Mr. Shanker reports, "seemed amazed that this critical legal point has not been emphasized or, perhaps, not yet been raised."

And he illustrates by fantasizing one or two post-Bakke headlines.

CONFERENCE WORKS OUT AMENDMENT OVERTURNING BAKKE DECISION

April 12, 1980, Philadelphia, Constitution Hall. For two years, the Constitutional Conference has been working diligently to frame a proposed constitutional amendment designed to overturn the *Bakke* decision. The Conference was convened after the U.S. Supreme Court, in May 1978, issued its landmark decision in the *Bakke* case. In that case, the Court ruled against Mr. Bakke and upheld the preferential admission program of the University of California in favor of "minorities" (meaning, really, blacks, Chicanos, American Indians, and certain Asiatics). After numerous drafts had been considered and rejected, the Conference today finally adopted the following as the proposed constitutional amendment:

No state shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

But then what would happen? Professor Shanker fantasizes:

CONSTITUTIONAL CONFERENCE EMBARRASSED

NEW PROPOSALS OFFERED

April 14, 1980, Philadelphia, Constitution Hall. To its embarrassment, the Constitutional Conference discovered that the constitutional amendment it proposed two days ago is exactly what the Constitution already says. Yet Mr. Bakke, despite that language, had lost his case; and none at the Conference now could explain how that was possible. (None, that is, except delegates Lewis and Carroll, who could not understand the confusion of their fellow delegates.)

In an anguished session, the Conference debated just what kind of language was needed to overturn the *Bakke* decision. Two new proposals were suggested to the Conference and will be voted on tomorrow:

Proposal 1: *No state shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws* (AND WE REALLY MEAN IT);

Proposal 2: Section 1. *No state shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.*

Section 2. *Person is hereby defined to include white persons named Bakke.*

If the Court goes against Bakke, perhaps, in an obiter dictum, it will be good enough to vouchsafe language suitable to overturn the decision. ☐

YOUR FRIENDLY BROKER

New York, May 22
—A friend endowed with a low threshold of what the Honorable Daniel Patrick Moynihan has called "crap-tolerance" bought a house in the country and took out insurance on it 12 years ago. The seasons came and went, and he paid in his premiums promptly, never suffering fire, theft, or natural catastrophe. Then this winter, the severest in history, his pipes froze. He was covered against the contingency, and the insurance company in due course issued him a check for \$3,000. During the preceding years, he had paid to the company premiums amounting to about \$15,000. Last week he received a communication from the company.

On hearing the description of it I concluded that my friend and I must be insured by the same company. It struck me as inconceivable that two companies in America would be so practiced in the brutal arts. It turns out that there are two companies, not one. And for all I know, the communication we both received is standard in the business. It goes something like this, a printed letter with the italicized passages individually typed in:

Re John M. Jones, Policy #345 786 892

You are hereby notified that your policy will be discontinued effective: May 12, 1978

Reason:

Failure to provide requested information ☐

Failure to pay premium ☐

Medical ☐

Other: ☒ Prior Claims

Now these are the same gentlemen who, when they write you a letter soliciting your business, use the sort of voice described by George Orwell, referring to BBC broadcasters, as "genteel and throaty." When they come to your house, they are a combination of Florence Nightingale, Edward Bennett Williams, the Archangel Gabriel, and the local cop on the beat. They will look after you. Do not fear the future. Put your faith in the Amalgamated Insurance Company of America, and go gently to your destiny.

What they don't tell you is that the minute one of their computers finds that you have staked out a claim for what you are insured against, either you are dropped via form letter, or your rates rise to the point of repaying, in effect, the claim for which you have been insured. It is not the least vexatious part of the whole business that the insurance companies appear to be

entirely unconcerned with the question of responsibility. When my family suffered a theft, no insurance agent came around to ascertain whether we had taken reasonable precautions against theft, or whether we were supplementing our precautions. No one asked my friend whether he had guarded against the possibility of his pipes' freezing. There is no time for the amenities, for a personal visit, telephone call, or letter. We have all had bad trips with the federal bureaucracy. But the least clerk in the government is Dale Carnegie alongside the insurance companies.

I recall the sense of shock in late November 1972. Richard Nixon had been re-elected by a landslide vote. A decision had been made to clean out the appointee holdovers. Mr. Halde-
man's reputation for brusqueness was greatly enhanced by the form letter he sent out. "Dear _____: Please submit your resignation to the President by November 31. Yours truly, H. R. Halde-
man." Now this letter didn't go out to stepmothers of the Nixon family, or second cousins, or political hacks, though presumably they got the same letter. It went out to hundreds of people who had been volunteering their services on presidential commissions for no pay—in discharge of the civic imperative. It made no difference to a White House inflated by an inflationary victory which ultimately brought desolation to its principals.

THE SYMPTOM is identical. When someone is useful to you—to perform a civic service, to pay an insurance premium, to render sexual service—the attitude is one thing. After that, one acts like Don Giovanni toward Elvira. And look what happened to Nixon and Don Giovanni.

Will it happen to the insurance companies? Except for one's dogmatic belief in the private sector, sometimes one almost hopes so. The telephone company in the U.S. has survived as a monopoly by its marvelous public manners. Now imagine a situation in which a telephone is removed from a customer because he does not run up enough long distance charges, and is therefore a statistical loss. That is the way the insurance companies, with their grand, imposing, wall-to-wall carpets and smiles, in effect treat you, and my friend and I are pledged to pass along the word, and then to encourage a company, assuming one exists, whose computers have been taught table manners. ☐

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

DEFINITIONS

- A. One of Shakespeare's plays (after *The*)
38 2 25 34 44 46 90 102 113 146
174
- B. He said "There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd"
45 78 30 11 83 164
- C. Cymbeline's daughter
63 165 100 199 216 122
- D. "Are these things then? Then let us meet them like _____."
-II Henry IV
108 62 127 144 150 182 189 42 204 210
14
- E. Title and surname of a female character in *Macbeth*
89 24 120 234 92 166 195 9 107 126
219
- F. A looper
97 142 105 117 66 123 209 227
- G. The Duke of Vienna in *Measure for Measure*
3 91 172 158 36 198 47 212 106
- H. "Affection! thy _____ stabs the centre."
-*Winter's Tale*
134 161 109 39 213 13 95 128 169
- I. A written or printed announcement
23 28 37 48 96 8
- J. First name of the Earl of Essex, *King John*
143 214 20 49 59 31 40 111
- K. Alternative title of *Twelfth Night*
151 136 141 155 57 121 129 207 21 73
94
- L. Earl of _____, *Richard III* (if the shoe fits . . .)
159 194 75 58 192 185
- M. One of Shakespeare's plays
183 226 51 140 168 205 173 4 152

- N. Marina's nurse, *Pericles*
190 119 231 202 191 175 52 170 197
- O. Title of French character, *King John*
79 18 86 93 43 55 67
- P. What a relief recipient might be
206 217 98 222 76 162 220 68 41
- Q. A lord in *Richard II*
211 232 60 7 133 69 80 118 163
- R. One of Portia's servants, *Merchant of Venice*
224 233 82 145 61 77 167 71
147 228 138 187 180 16 1 177 64 70
- S. They love this play in small towns
81 84 112 54 132 124
- T. Occupation of a character in *Romeo and Juliet*

- U. One of Shakespeare's plays
178 223 114 22 229 203 53 221
- V. "Our wishes on the way may prove _____."
-*King Lear*
193 72 101 179 148 56 115
- W. What a no-hit game may not necessarily be
225 196 171 26 65 184 85
- X. One of Shakespeare's plays
10 149 87 230 27 5 186 135
- Y. "All that life can rate worth name of life in thee hath _____."
-*All's Well that Ends Well*
17 33 116 6 215 88 153 200
- Z. Title of a male character in *Henry VIII*
32 110 139 103 35 50 131 154 188 19
- a. An American astronomer (1732-1796)
130 181 137 218 12 208 156 125 160 15
104
- b. Existence
157 29 176 74 201 99

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 734 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1	T	2	A	3	G	4	M	5	X	6	Y	7	Q	8	I	9	E		10	X	11	B	12	a	13	H	14	D		15	a	16	T	17	Y		
18	O			19	Z	20	J	21	K	22	U	23	I	24	E	25	A	26	W		27	X	28	I	29	b	30	B	31	J	32	Z	33	Y	34	A	
35	Z	36	G	37	I	38	A	39	H	40	J	41	P		42	D	43	O	44	A		45	B	46	A	47	G	48	I	49	J	50	Z	51	M	52	N
53	U	54	S	55	O	56	V	57	K		58	L	59	J		60	Q	61	R	62	D	63	C	64	T		65	W	66	F	67	O		68	P		
69	Q	70	T		71	R	72	V		73	K	74	b	75	L	76	P		77	R	78	B	79	O		80	Q	81	S	82	R		83	B			
84	S	85	W	86	O	87	X	88	Y	89	E		90	A	91	G	92	E	93	O	94	K	95	H	96	I	97	F	98	P	99	b		100	C	101	V
		102	A	103	Z	104	a		105	F	106	G	107	C	108	D	109	H	110	Z	111	J	112	S	113	A	114	U	115	V		116	Y	117	F	118	Q
119	N		120	E	121	K		122	C	123	F	124	S		125	a	126	E		127	D	128	H	129	K	130	a	131	Z	132	S		133	Q			
134	H	135	X	136	K		137	a	138	T		139	Z	140	M	141	K	142	F	143	J	144	D		145	R	146	A	147	T	148	V	149	X	150	D	
		151	K	152	M	153	Y	154	Z		155	K	156	a	157	b		158	G	159	L	160	a	161	H	162	P	163	Q	164	B	165	C	166	E	167	R
		168	M	169	H	170	N		171	W	172	G	173	M	174	a	175	M	176	b	177	T	178	U	179	V		180	T	181	a	182	D		183	M	
184	W	185	L	186	X		187	T	188	Z	189	D	190	N		191	N	192	L		193	V	194	L	195	E	196	W	197	N	198	G	199	C	200	Y	
		201	b	202	N	203	U	204	D	205	M		206	P	207	K	208	a		209	F	210	D	211	Q	212	G	213	H	214	J	215	Y	216	C	217	P
218	a		219	E	220	P	221	U		222	P	223	U	224	R		225	W	226	M	227	F	228	T	229	U	230	X	231	N	232	Q	233	R	234	E	



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